BY

W. O. PERKINS & A. BYRON CONDO.

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THE

TREE OF LIFE.

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FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

AND

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

By

W. O. PERKINS,

AND

A. BYRON CONDO.

BOSTON:

G. D. RUSSELL & COMPANY,

125 TREMONT STREET.

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To the

ARMY OF SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS,

EAST, WEST, NORTH, AND SOUTH,

WHO ARE LABORING TO

Instil the Truths of the Gospel into the minds and hearts of the

CHILDREN AND YOUTH,

This Work is Dedicated, by

W. O. PERKINS, and A. BYRON CONDO.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. "And on either side of the river was there the tree of life." Rev. xxii, 2. W. O. PERKINS.

QUARTETTE OR SOLO.

1. There's a tree ever-blooming and fair, That is growing for you and for me, And the fruit that its branches still bear, Is to all ev - er priceless and free.
2. On e - ter - nity's shore this fair tree Buds and blossoms in beauty untold; In some happy and bright day to be, We shall all of its splendor behold. Oh that sweet blooming tree! Oh that sweet blooming tree! With its fruit ev -er grateful and fair. It is life ev -er -last -ing to me, And its blessings so free all may share.
3. We will gather around it that day, On the banks of the riv - er so blest, When we pass o'er the shadow -y way, To the land where the weary shall rest.
4. With the ransom'd we'll sing the new song, To Jeho-vah, our Saviour and King; All the glo - ry to thee doth be - long, And our prais - es to thee will we sing.

CHORUS. Oh that sweet blooming tree!

THE TREE OF LIFE.

MRS. FANNIE M. PARKER. Rev. xxii, 2. A. BYRON CONDO.

1. Far a - way in the land of the ho - ly, There standeth and liv - eth a tree, Whose
2. O - ver there 'neath its wide cooling branches, The wind and the storms nev- er beat, For
3. There the ho - ly who gath - er be - neath it, From ut - termost ends of the earth, Have

branches far spreading and lof - ty, In - vit - eth a shel - ter for thee;
those who are gath - ered a - bout it, Know noth - ing of win - ter or heat;
come by a rea - son of *pa - tience*, And *good - ness*, and *suff - 'ring* and *worth;*

O'er the riv - er of wa - ters it bend - eth, And cool and e - ter - nal its shade,
O - ver there with its shel - ter a - bove them, The ho - ly in qui - e - tude dwell,
They have fought well the conflict be - hind them, They've con - quered all foes in the past;

Its fruit in all sea - sons it yield - eth, Its leaves nev - er per - ish or fade.
And all of their peaceful com - mun - ion, Is more than we mor - tals can tell.
The Mas - ter in great lov - ing kind - ness, Hath grant - ed them heaven at last.

CHORUS.

Round the Tree.... of life for ev - er.... One by one,.... we all may meet! One by
Round the Tree of life forev - er and ev - er, one by one, one by one we all may meet, all meet,

Rit.....

one..... No more to sev - er,..... May we there.... each oth - er meet.
One by one, no never, yes there yes meet.

USE THE PRESENT MOMENT.

MRS. M. F. BANKS. Respectfully inscribed to Rev. D. B. Byers. A. BYRON CONDO.

Earnestly.

1. Use the present moment, Nev-er mind the pain; Heart soil needeth sor-row, As the earth needs rain;
2. Use the present moment, For-ces meet thy need; Hear the kindly warn-ing, On - ly plant thy seed,
3. Use the present moment, Time doth quickly fly; Seek to lay up treas-ures, In that home on high;

Soon the clouds will scat-ter, Blue will soon come back; Sweetest flow'rs will blos-som, In the tempest's track.
And the laws e - ter - nal, Working ceaseless pow'r, Sure will bring thy har - vest, At th' appoint'd hour.
Then when life is end - ed, And its toils are o'er; We shall rest se - cure - ly, On that bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS.

Use the present moment, Dare some good to do; Keep in view the mot - to, *Earnest, Ac - tive, True.*

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Our song is still of Jesus, God's on-ly lov-ing child, Our song is still of Jesus, So gentle, meek and mild; We
2. Our song shall be of Jesus, Who dwells in heav'n above, Our song shall be of Jesus, And all his tender love; Who
3. Our song shall be of Jesus, Whatever may betide, Our song shall be of Jesus, Our faith, our hope and guide; We'll
4. Our song is still of Jesus, Our ref-uge in distress, Our song is still of Jesus, Whose love our hearts confess; We

know that he will hear us And lis-ten to our song, His spir - it ev - er near us To bless our happy throng.
on the cross of sor - row Was rudely cru - ci - fied, Who shed his blood for sin-ners, And in his anguish died.
cling to him for-ev - er, And sing his name in praise, He will forsake us nev - er Along life's tangl'd ways.
love to sing the sto - ry Of all his ten-der love, And hope some day in glo - ry, To live with him a-bove.

CHORUS.

We sing, we sing of Je-sus, He lis-tens to our song; His spir-it e-ver near us, To bless our happy throng.

JESUS LIVES.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. Suitable for Easter. *

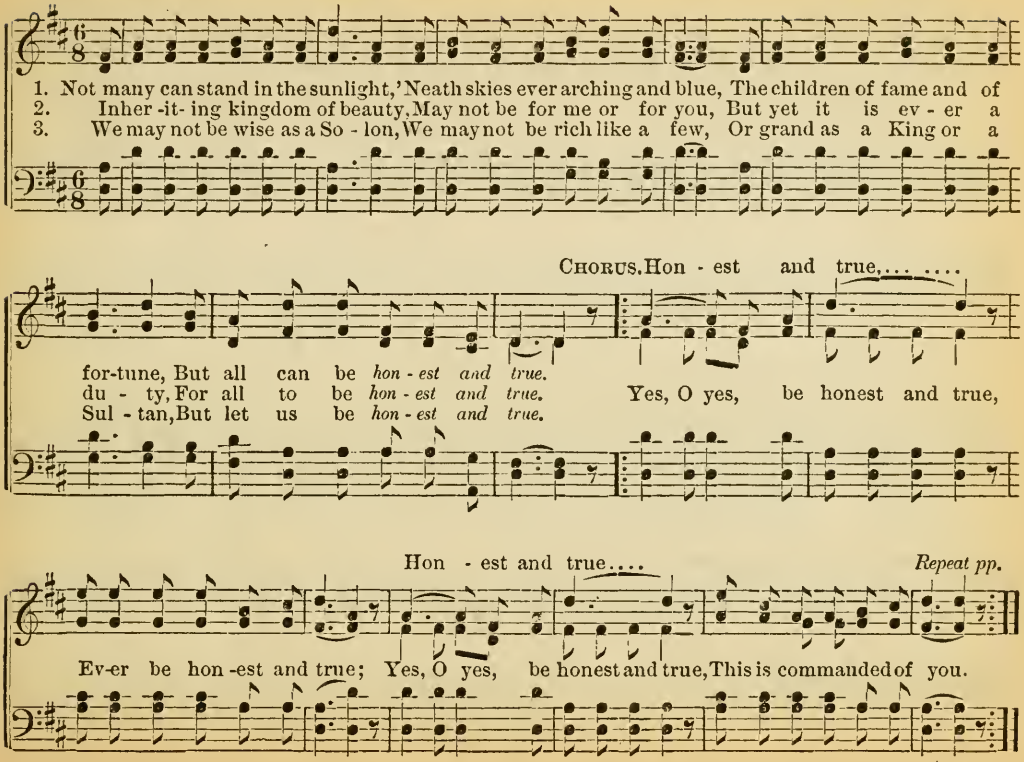
1. Je -sus lives, awake the strain, He was dead, but lives again. Cru-cified on Cal-va-ry, Shed his blood for you and me, He who died that ye might live. Eve- ry sin -ner will for- give, Turn to him in pain and loss, He will help thee bear thy cross.
2. Je -sus lives, awake the strain, He has died, but not in vain, By his suff'ring shall we be, Happy thro' e -ter- ni - ty, Clouds shall lift, and fetters break, Guilt and shame our hearts forsake, Ever raise your voice in song, I am Christ's, to him be-long.
3. Jesus lives, awake the strain, He was dead, but lives again. Hear his words of promise, blest, Ye that come to me shall rest. Sweeter words were never sung, In the songs of mortal tongue, Heed them, sinners, turn again, Has our Saviour died in vain?

CHORUS.

Je -sus lives, a-wake the strain, He was dead, but lives a - gain, Sinner to his bosom flee, There is rest and peace for thee.

HONEST AND TRUE.

CLARA B. HEATH. In Youth's Companion. A. BYRON CONDO.



A LITTLE WHILE LONGER.

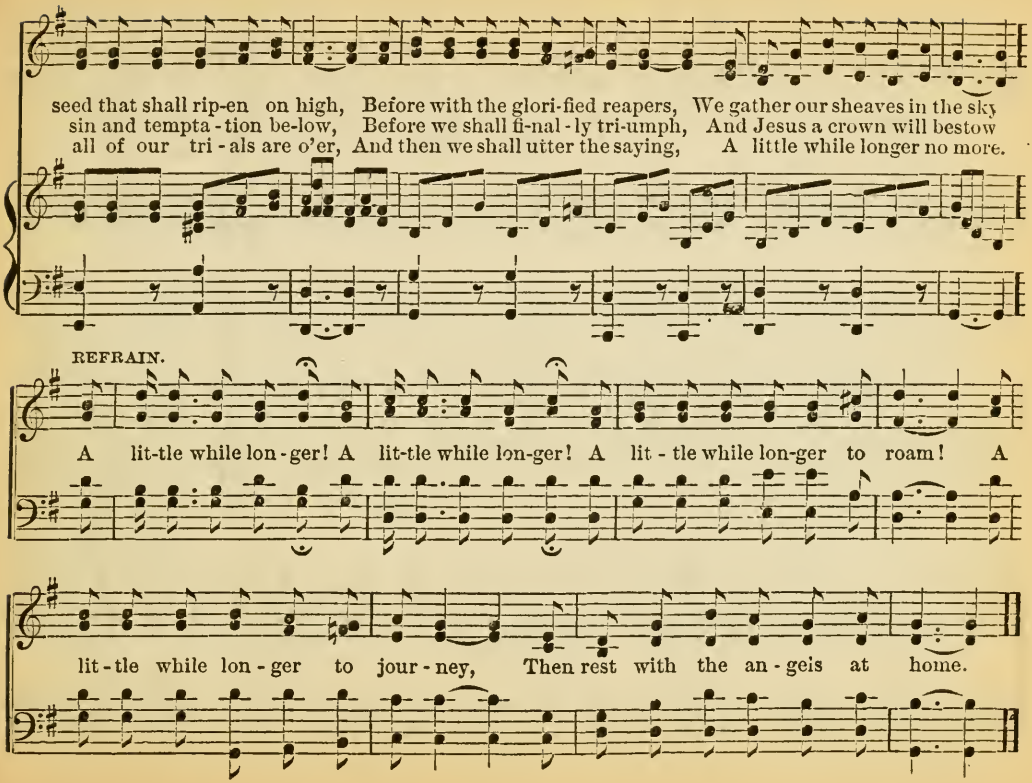
E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS, By per.

SOLO. *Not too fast.*

1. A little while longer to la - bor, Before we shall pass to our rest! A little more watching and
2. A little while longer to suf - fer, A little more sorrow and care! Be-fore we in - her - it the
3. A little while longer to journey, A-weary thro' deserts of sand, Before we shall pass o'er the

DUET.

wait - ing, Ere qui - et shall come to our breast. A lit - tle while lon-ger to scat-ter The
man-sions The Saviour has gone to pre-pare! A lit - tle while lon-ger to struggle With
riv - er, And en - ter the beau - ti - ful land! A lit - tle more meet-ing and parting, And


seed that shall rip-en on high, Before with the glori-fied reapers, We gather our sheaves in the sky
sin and tempta-tion be-low, Before we shall fi-nal-ly tri-umph, And Jesus a crown will bestow
all of our tri-als are o'er, And then we shall utter the saying, A little while longer no more.
REFRAIN.
A lit-tle while lon-ger! A lit-tle while lon-ger! A lit-tle while lon-ger to roam! A
lit-tle while lon-ger to jour-ney, Then rest with the an-gels at home.

SHADOW OF THE MIGHTY ROCK.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

Slowly. May be sung as a Quartette, all joining in the Chorus; or the Chorus may be omitted altogether.

1. Shad - ow of the migh - ty rock! Bless - ed shad - ow of the Cross,
2. 'Neath thy shad - ow, migh - ty rock! Find we rest and safe - ty there
3. To thy shad - ow, migh - ty rock! We will cling from day to day,

Fall up - on our lit - tle flock So it may not suf - fer loss. Let them find a shel - ter sweet,
From the storm and thunder's shock, From the gales of pain and care. 'Tis a sweet a - bid - ing place,
Be the ref - uge of our flock When the storms shall cross our way. There content our souls shall rest,

Shad - ow of the mighty rock!

CHORUS.

Repeat CHORUS.

From the burning noontide heat, In thy ho - ly calm retreat, In the shadow of the Cross.
Where the sunshine we may trace, Of our Saviour's ho - ly face, Bless-ed shadow of the Cross.
For he do - eth all things best, In the realms forev - er blest, In the shadow of the Cross.

Bless-ed shad - ow of the Cross! Fall up - on our lit - tle flock, So they may not suf - fer loss

YET A LITTLE LABOR.

Words and Music by A. Byron Condo.

Grazioso.

1. Yet a lit - tle la - bor, While below we roam; Yet a lit - tle sor -row, Ere we rest at home.
2. Yet a lit - tle suff'ring, Yet a little care, Ere we reach those mansions, Shining bright and fair.
3. Yet a lit - tle lon - ger, Ere we reach the prize, Just beyond the riv -er, In the sunny skies;

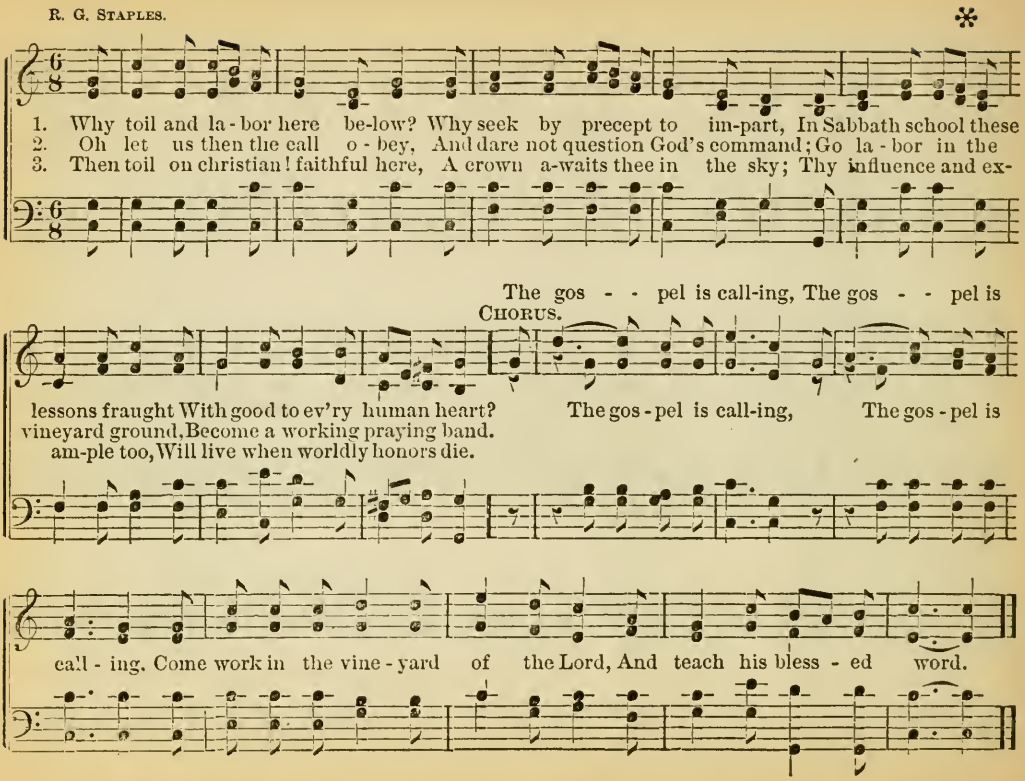
Yet a lit - tle scat'ring, Every where we go, Of the seeds of kindness, Praying they may grow.
Yet a lit - tle struggling, With the pain of sin, Ere we all shall triumph, And the crown shall win.
There we shall be hap-py, In a Saviour's love, There we'll live for-ev - er, In that home a -bove.

Chorus.

Yet a lit - tle la - bor, Yet a lit - tle care, Then the joys of heaven, We at last shall share

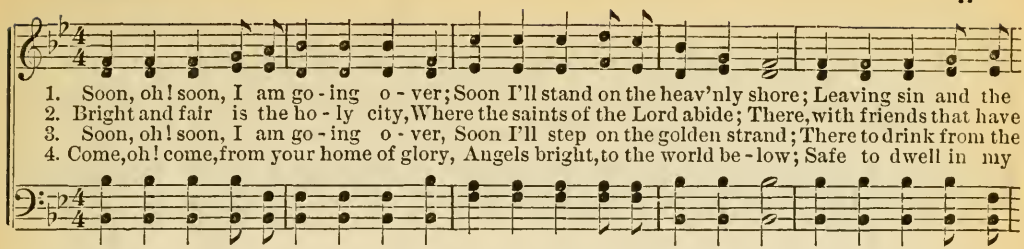
THE GOSPEL IS CALLING.

R. G. STAPLES.

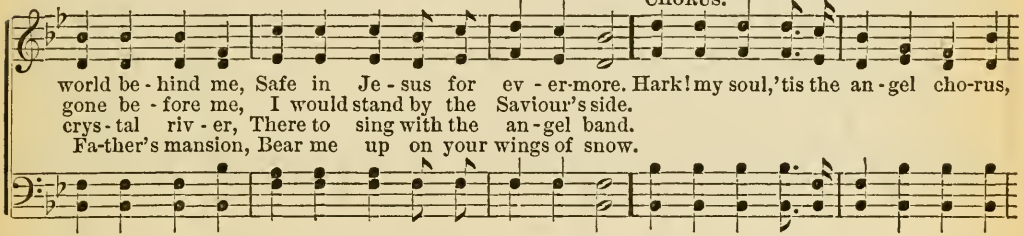


SOON, OH! SOON, I'M GOING OVER

Words by M. A. K.

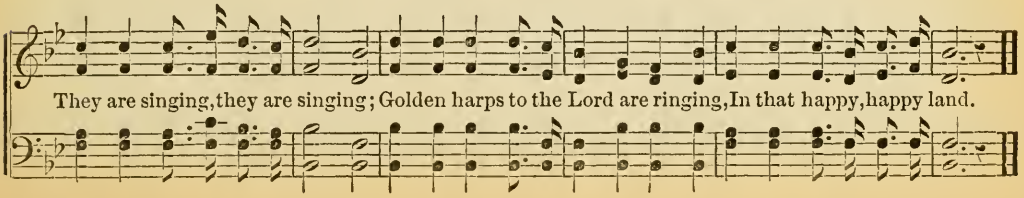


1. Soon, oh! soon, I am go - ing o - ver; Soon I'll stand on the heav'nly shore; Leaving sin and the
2. Bright and fair is the ho - ly city, Where the saints of the Lord abide; There, with friends that have
3. Soon, oh! soon, I am go - ing o - ver, Soon I'll step on the golden strand; There to drink from the
4. Come, oh! come, from your home of glory, Angels bright, to the world be - low; Safe to dwell in my



CHORUS.

world be - hind me, Safe in Je - sus for ev - er-more. Hark! my soul, 'tis the an - gel cho-rus,
gone be - fore me, I would stand by the Saviour's side.
crys - tal riv - er, There to sing with the an - gel band.
Fa-ther's mansion, Bear me up on your wings of snow.



They are singing, they are singing; Golden harps to the Lord are ringing, In that happy, happy land.

WAITING IN THE VINEYARD.

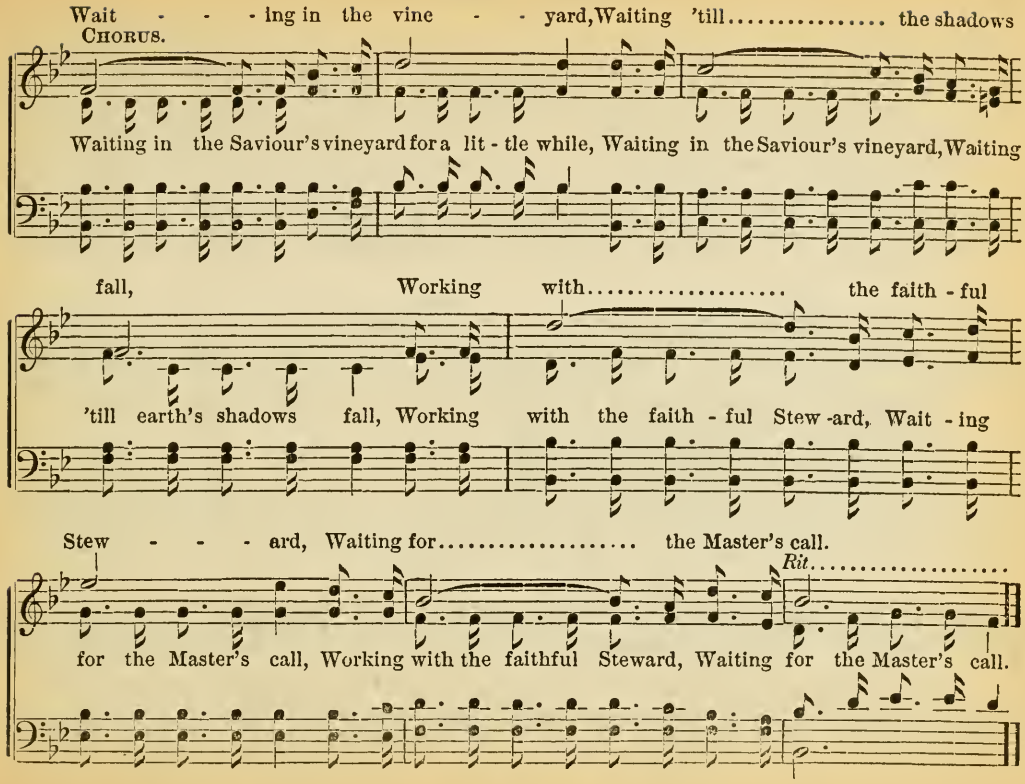
REV. D. B. BYERS. A. BYRON CONDO.

Con Spirito.

1. Life is not a trifling shadow, Passing without sound or trace; Life is not a path so narrow,
2. Oh, 'tis blessed to be waiting, Like the workman at his task, 'Till the ev'ning shadows lengthen,
3. Toiling, lov-ing, hoping, waiting, 'Till the Master doth appear, Ev - er in his work delight- ing,

But we all may win the race, There is time for loving, hating, Time for eve - ry no - ble deed;
And the moment calls at last—Calls one as a faithful servant, To re - ceive a full reward;
Till his welcome voice I hear; Then to brighter fields in glo - ry, At his bidding to ascend,

We may la - bor while we're wait - ing, If our Mas - ter's voice we heed.
And the lov - ing soul so fer - vent, Is commend - ed by the Lord.
Where re - demption's bless - ed sto - ry, In fru - i - tion ne'er shall end.


Wait - - - ing in the vine - - yard, Waiting 'till..... the shadows
CHORUS.
Waiting in the Saviour's vineyard for a lit - tle while, Waiting in the Saviour's vineyard, Waiting
fall, Working with..... the faith - ful
'till earth's shadows fall, Working with the faith - ful Stew - ard, Wait - ing
Stew - - - ard, Waiting for..... the Master's call.
Rit.....
for the Master's call, Working with the faithful Steward, Waiting for the Master's call.

IS IT WELL?

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. P.

1. Is it well with your soul to-day, brother, Is it well with you, to - day? Are your sins all for-given, of
2. Have you pray'd to the Lord, to-day, brother, The Lord, the Lord, to - day? Have you lifted your eyes toward
3. Have you conquer'd a foe to-day, brother, A foe, a foe, to - day? Have you suffered one loss for
4. Can you look up with faith to-day, brother, With faith, with faith, to - day? Is the ho - ri-zon clear 'twixt
5. Do you cherish a hope to-day, brother, A hope, a hope, to - day? That the an - gels will come, and

CHORUS.

God in heav'n, Is it well with your soul to - day? There's a foun-tain that's set for you, brother, A
yon - der skies, Is it well with your soul to - day?
Je - sus, cross, Is it well with your soul to - day?
heaven and here, Is it well with your soul to - day?
bear you home, Is it well with your soul to - day?

fountain of blood for you, You may wash and be clean from eve-ry stain, Is it well with your soul to-day?

I WILL SING SWEET SONGS.

Words and Music, by A. BYRON CONDO.

1. I will sing sweet songs of Je - sus, I will praise the dear - est name Of Je - ho - vah,
2. I will do my Mas-ter's bidding, While I'm in this world be - low; Then He'll take me
3. When my jour - ney here is end - ed, Peace-ful - ly I'll pass to rest; Glad - ly, sweet - ly,

Sing - ing, sing - ing,

CHORUS.

might - ty conq -'ror, Long a - go to earth He came. I will sing sweet songs for Je - sus
up to heav - en, Where his faith - ful chil - dren go.
safe - ly, sure - ly, Rest at last on Je - sus' breast.

Sing - ing, sing - ing,

While I jour-ney here be - low, I will sing sweet songs for Je-sus, When to glo - ry I shall go.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

R. G. Staples. W. O. Perkins, By per.

"All flesh is as grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flowers of the field." Isaiah xl: 6.

1. How lovley the flowers which bloom, Their fragrance how sweet on the air, When sparkle their pe-tals with dew,
2. Oh, beauti - ful buds, like our youth, Be - fore the cold world with its care Has mark'd with deep furrows our brow,
3. As brightest of flow-ers will blight, Beneath win-ter's chill, fros-ty breath, So childhood in manhood is lost,
4. How beaut'ous the green of the lawn, When seed, that were bur-ied in earth, Burst forth in-to life from the germ,

Which night in her vig - ils sheds there. Oh, beau - - - ti - ful flow - ers,
Or hope gives a - way to des - pair.
Soon reach-ing the riv - er of death.
A type of our heav - en - ly birth. beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

Chorus.

To-kens of in - nocent love, Bloom - - ing on earth As gifts from the Father a - bove.
Blooming, blooming

W. W. BENTLEY.

With feeling.

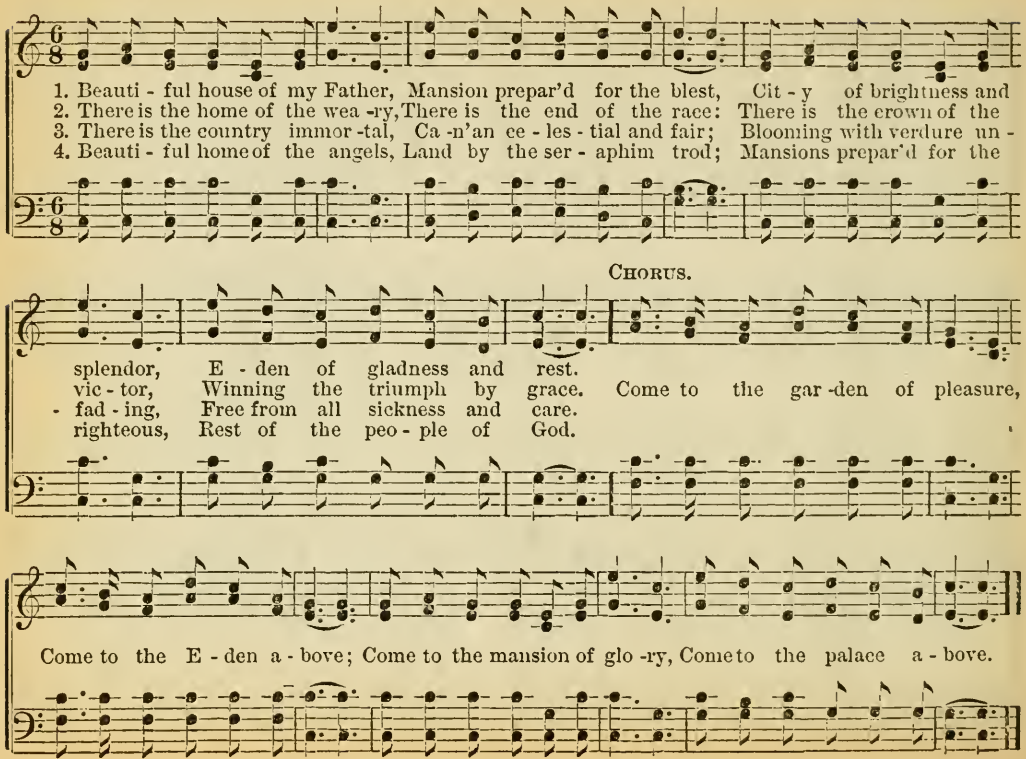
1. What can I give to Je - sus, Who gave his life for me, How can I show my
2. I'll give my Soul to Je - sus, And calm - ly, glad - ly rest, Its youth - ful hopes and
3. I'll give my strength to Je - sus, Of foot, of head, and will, Run where he sends, and

love for him Who died on Cal - va - ry; My heart I'll give to Je - sus, In
fond de-sires Up - on His lov - ing breast; My mind I'll give to Je - sus, And
ev - er strive, His pleas-ures to ful - fil; My time I'll give to Je - sus, O!

childhood's ten-der Spring, I know that He will not des - pise The worthless of - fer - ing.
seek in thoughtful hours, His spir - it's grace to con - se - crate, It's car - ly op'n-ing pow'rs.
that each hour might be Fill'd up with ho - ly work for him Who gave his life for me.

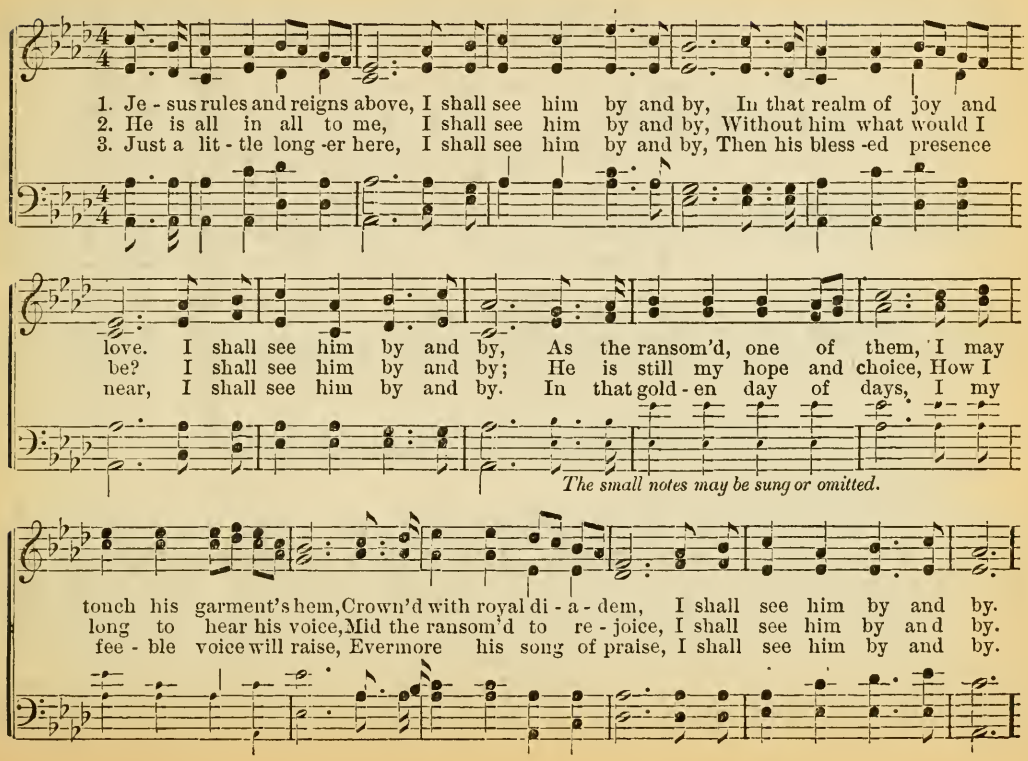
BEAUTIFUL HOME OF MY FATHER.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. "In my Father's house are many mansions." John, xiv, 2. D. E. DORTCH.



I SHALL SEE HIM BY AND BY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. "I shall see him." Num. xxiv, 17. W. O. PEEKINS.



I SHALL SEE HIM BY AND BY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I shall see him by and by, In that land of joy and
See him by and by, See him by and by,

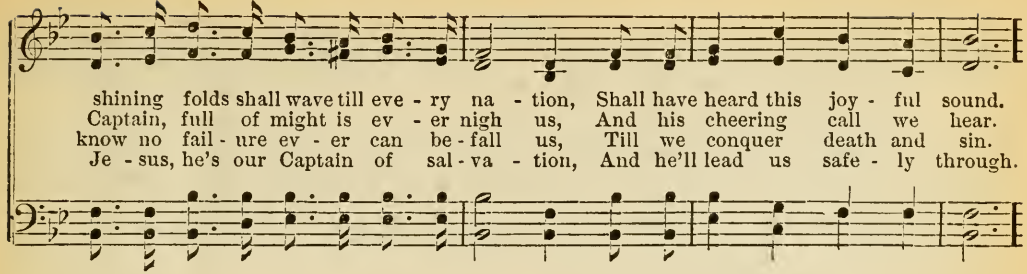
love, Where, Je - sus reigns a - bove, I shall see him by and by.
Je - sus reigns a - bove,

THE BANNER OF SALVATION.

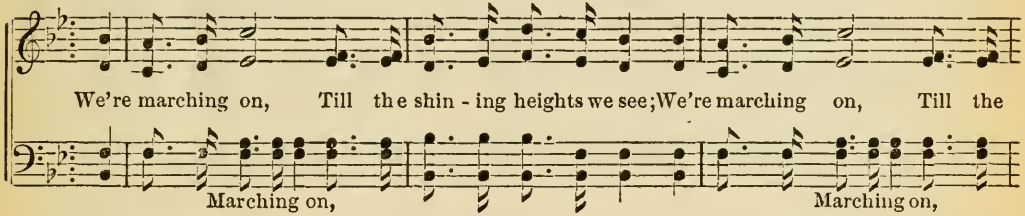
MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

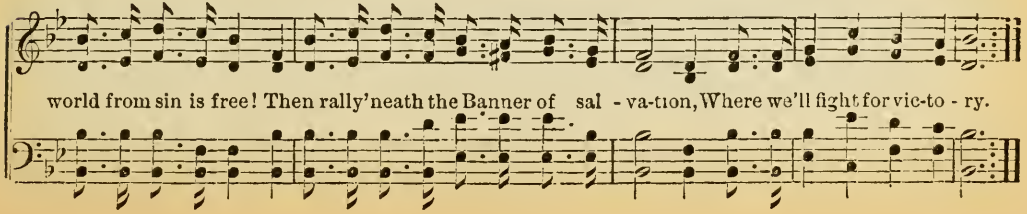
May be sung as a Solo, Duet, or Chorus.

1. Be - hold the glorious ban - ner of sal - va - tion, That is floating all a - round! Its
2. The hosts of sin are coming forth to try us, But their ranks we will not fear! Our
3. We'll fol - low where his lov - ing voice shall call us, Till the glorious fight we win; We
4. Who is our Lead - er, great and strong and migh - ty, And our Captain brave and true? 'Tis


shining folds shall wave till eve - ry na - tion, Shall have heard this joy - ful sound.
Captain, full of might is ev - er nigh us, And his cheering call we hear.
know no fail - ure ev - er can be - fall us, Till we conquer death and sin.
Je - sus, he's our Captain of sal - va - tion, And he'll lead us safe - ly through.

CHORUS.


We're marching on, Till the shin - ing heights we see; We're marching on, Till the
Marching on, Marching on,


world from sin is free! Then rally'neath the Banner of sal - va-tion, Where we'll fight for vic-to - ry.

BEAUTIFUL HOME ON HIGH.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. P.

DUET. CHORUS. DUET.

1. When I draw near thy pear - ly gate, Beau-ti - ful home on high, Where shin-ing an - gels
2. Before these earthly worlds were made, Beauti - ful home on high, Thy strong founda - tion
3. I long to tread thy peace-ful shore, Beauti - ful home on high, Where I shall sor - row

CHORUS.

watch and wait, Beau-ti - ful home on high. Oh, how my spir - it will re - joice, To
walls were laid, Beau-ti - ful home on high. Be - fore man drew his mor - tal breath, Or
nev - er - more, Beau-ti - ful home on high. I long to join the white-rob'd throng, And

hear the Saviour's gen-tle voice Say, "hither come and share my home, My beau - ti - ful home on high."
sin brought sorrow, pain, and death, Each glit'ring stone with glo-ry shone, My beau - ti - ful home on high.
sing the hal - le - lu - jah song In my dear home, no more to roam, My beau - ti - ful home on high.

CHORUS.

To that beau - ti - ful home, I soon shall go if I fol - low the Sav - iour here be - low, That beau - ti - ful home, beau-ti - ful home, beau-ti - ful home on high.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

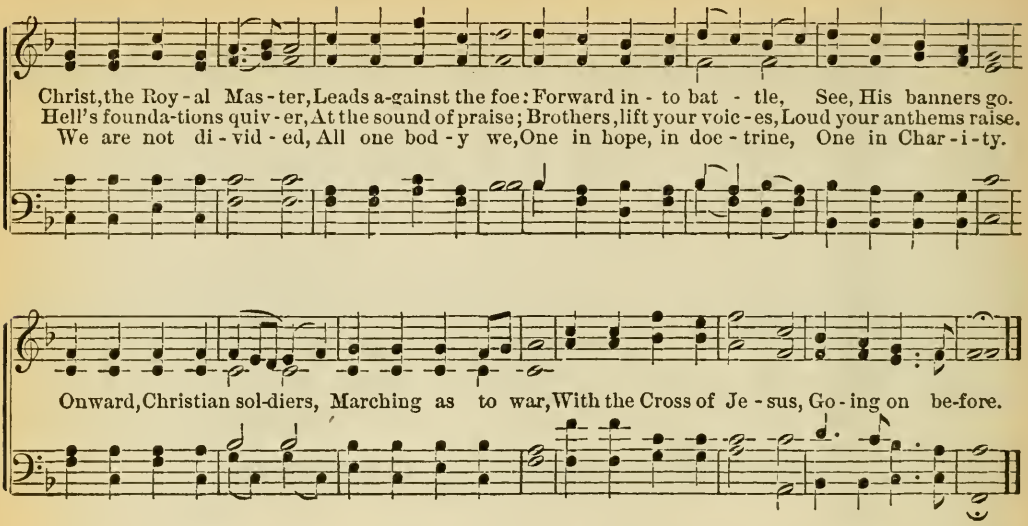
S. BARING GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

"The Lord will do wonders for you."

Briskly. *f*

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Sa-tan's armies flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry.
3. Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading, Where the saints have trod.

f



4

What the saints established
That we hold for true:
What the saints believèd,
That believe we too.
Long as earth endureth
Men that Faith will hold—
Kingdoms, nations, empires,
In destruction rolled.
Onward, etc.

5

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell will never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

6

Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King:
This, through countless ages,
Men and Angels sing.
Onward, etc.

J. C. JOHNSON. A. N. JOHNSON. By per.

SOLO. *Moderato.*

1. Don't you hear the An - gels sing, By the Shin-ing Ri - ver? Li - lies white, and
2. Don't you hear the wa - ter flow, In the Shin-ing Ri - ver? E'er a - bun-dant,
3. Don't you hear the An - gels sing, By the Shin-ing Ri - ver? Song and harp, and

CHORUS.

ro - ses bring, These are ours for - ev - er! These are in the bet - ter land,
crys - tal clear, These are ours for - ev - er! Soft - ly past the ver - dant shore,
gold - en crown, These are ours for - ev - er! O! that fra-grant, hap - py land!

There with rapture we shall stand, Crown'd with flow'rs, immortal, rare, These are ours for-ev - er.
Glide the bil-lows ev-er - more, Shore and crystal wave we view, These are ours for-ev - er.
There with rapture we shall stand, Flow'rs and stream, and crown and Harp, These are ours forev-er.

A HOME IN THE SKIES.

J. WRIGHT

1. When the time of our earth - ly so-journ - ing is o'er, The homes that once knew us will
2. Its doors are of pearl, and its floor paved with gold: Its al - tar of diamonds of
3. With harps in their hands which are nev - er un - strung, The glo - ri - fied saints ev - er

know us no more; But why should we leave it with lin - ger-ing eyes, If Je - sus has made us a
lus - tre un-told; No sun rules the day and no moon crowns the night. The eye of the Lamb is the
sing the new song; With an - gel - ic voi - ces their anthems a - rise To him who prepar'd them a

home in the skies. Home, sweet home, If Je - sus has made us a home in the skies.
un - fad - ing light. Home, sweet home, The eye of the Lamb is the un - fad - ing light.
home in the skies. Home, sweet home, To him who prepar'd them a home in the skies.

Words and Music by REV. B. C. OYLER.

Slowly.

1. I love to go to Sabbath school, And meet my teach-er there, And learn of Him the Golden Rule,
2. 'Tis there I learn to know the Lord, Who pardons all our sins; By stud-y-ing His Ho-ly Word,
3. Oh, Sabbath school, thou blessed place! Thy name so dear to me, An aid, to run this heav'nly race,

CHORUS.

And there be taught in pray'r. O sab-bath school, Sweet sab-bath school,
I'm taught the way to Him.
I will not part from thee.

The place so dear to me; 'Tis there I learn of Je-sus, Who died to make me free.

THE DARK AND TURBID RIVER.

R. G. S. "To die is gain." Phil. x : 21. R. G. Staples.

1. The dark and tur - bid riv - er death, We all must cross at last; But chris-tian sol-diers feel no fear, Their hope is an-chor'd fast; With - in the vail when life is o'er, And all its turmoils cease, With Christ at home, a-round the throne, We'll rest in per-fect peace.

2. Oh love - ly land be-yond the blue, Un-seen by mor - tal eye; Where flowers bloom with sweet perfume, And o - dors nev - er die; We hope to greet our lov'd ones there, Up - on the gol-den strand, With them to sing sweet songs of love, A bright An - gel - ic band.

3. Then dark and tur - bid stream roll on, And bear us to our rest, In heaven our home a- - round the throne, Up - on our Sav-iour's breast; These songs we sing to Christ our King, While in the vale be-neath, We'll sing a-new, the throne in view, When we have conquer'd death.

WE ALL MIGHT DO GOOD.

G. L. BANKS. JAS. MCGRANAHAN.

1. We all might do good Where we of-ten do il., There is al-ways a way, If there be but the will;
2. We all might do good In a thousand small ways, In forbearing to frown, Yet, we should give due praise;
3. We all might do good Whether low-ly or great, For the right is not gained By the purse or es-tate,

Tho' it be but a word, Kind-ly breathed or expressed, It may guard off some pain, Or give peace to some breast.
In the spurn-ing of sin, In re - prov - ing wrong done, And in treat-ing but kind - ly Each heart we have won.
If it be but a cup Of cold wa-ter that's given, Like "the widow's two mites," It is something for heaven.

CHORUS.

Then let us do good, Then let us do good, 'Tis a glo - ri - ous mot-to. Do good when you can.

IT IS JESUS.

E. A. Hoffman.

Andante.

1. Who is this with love so ten - der, Coming to me night and day, Pleading me my heart to render To his love-controll-ing sway?
2. Who is this that heals my sorrows, And relieves me of my woe, Makes my soul a joy -ful E - den, Fills me with a happy glow? It is Je - sus, precious Je - sus, My Re - deemer from all sin;
3. Who is this that keeps me hap - py 'Mid the cares that daily throng, Thrills my heart with peaceful pleasure, Tunes my lips to gladsome song?

Chorus.

It is Je - sus, precious Je - sus, Where shall I his praise be-gin?

GIVE IT TO JESUS.

F. B. Copp. W. O. Perkins, by per.

1. Oh, what shall I do with this heart of mine, So sin-ful, so false, and so vain? For of-ten I've promised to change my life, I care not to prom-ise a - gain, I've bro - ken my vows and sinn'd a-new, So of-ten in seasons gone by, That now when I feel I ought to repent, I am al-most a - fraid to try.

2. Oh, what shall I do with my class so dear, Whose souls I have pray'd for so much? And whose hearts so tender may soon grow hard, And cold to the Saviour's kind touch? Oh, what more can be done for these dear youths, Ere hearts and affections grow cold, To lead them away from broad ways of sin, And to save them from woe untold?

3. Oh, what shall I do with my time be-low, My tal-ents, my powers, my health, My youth and its flowers of prom-ise sweet, My sorrows, my wants, or my wealth? With my manhood, my age, my long, sad days, My moments of sweetness and gall? My crosses, my joys, my loss-es, my gains, With my being, my life, my all?

GIVE IT TO JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

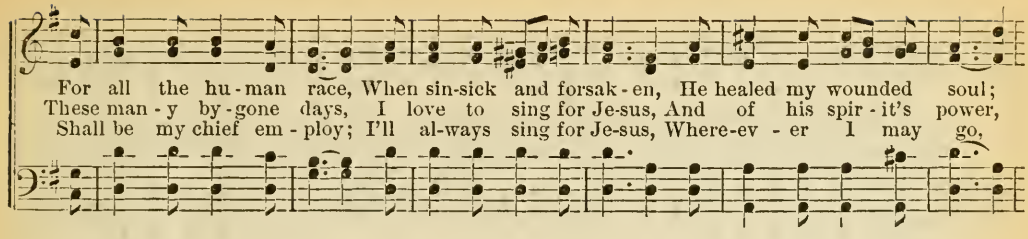
Give it to Je - sus! Give it to Jesus! You should have done it long a - go;
Give it to Je - sus! Give it to Jesus! You should have done it long a - go;
Oh, give it to Je - sus! Oh, give it to Jesus! You should have done it long a - go;

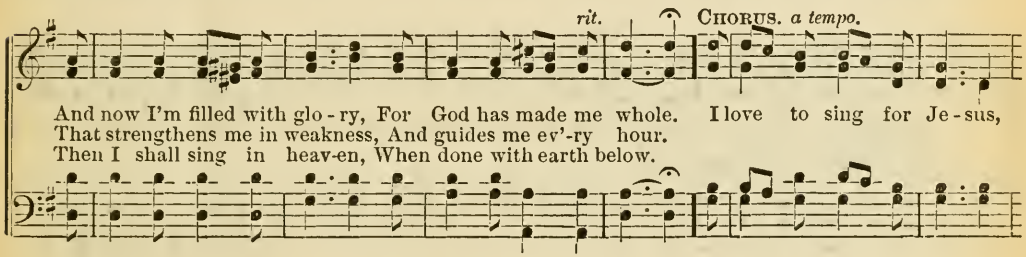
Give it to Je - sus! Give it to Je - sus! Je - sus can wash it as white as snow.
Give it to Je - sus! Give it to Je - sus! He is the tru-est friend you know!
Oh, give it to Je - sus! Oh, give it to Je - sus! He is the saf-est friend you knew.

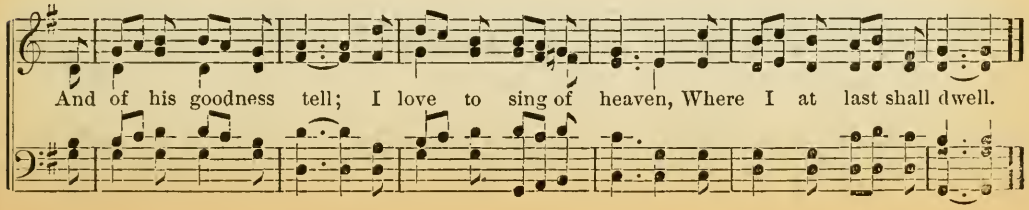
I LOVE TO SING FOR JESUS.

Words and Music by A. BYRON CONDO.

1. I love to sing for Je-sus, Who saved me by his grace, Who shed his blood on Calv'ry,
2. I love to sing for Je-sus, And give him all the praise, For all His ten - der mercies,
3. I love to sing for Je-sus; He fills my heart with joy; To love and serve my Saviour,


For all the hu-man race, When sin-sick and forsak-en, He healed my wounded soul;
These man-y by-gone days, I love to sing for Je-sus, And of his spir-it's power,
Shall be my chief em-ploy; I'll al-ways sing for Je-sus, Where-ev-er I may go.


rit.
CHORUS. a tempo.
And now I'm filled with glo-ry, For God has made me whole. I love to sing for Je-sus,
That strengthens me in weakness, And guides me ev'-ry hour.
Then I shall sing in heav-en, When done with earth below.


And of his goodness tell; I love to sing of heaven, Where I at last shall dwell.

GOD IN HIS MERCY WILL SAVE.

J. Mc. A. Byron Condo.

1. Oh where are you going my brother? The Saviour is calling for thee: 'Tis he who has promised salvation.
2 Oh where are you going, my sister? Remember that dark is the way, But Jesus has promised to guide you,
3. Oh where are you going, dear children? Choose wisely, the way which you go. Then Jesus will give you his spirit,

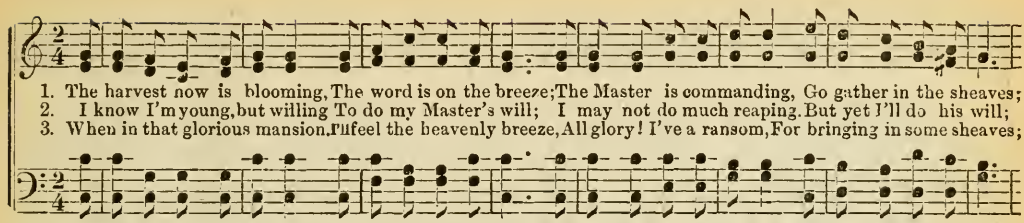
Chorus.

And mer-cy for you and me. Yes, God in his mercy will save us: He'll take us at last to his
In mer-cy if you o - bey.
And guide you while here below.

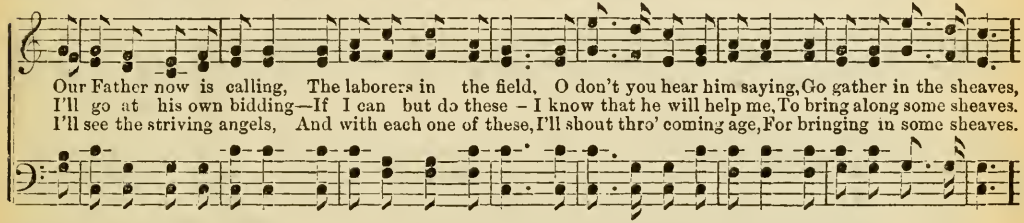
rest, That he has prepared for his children, Far a - way in the land of the blest.

GO GATHER IN THE SHEAVES.

Words and Music by A. Byron Condo.

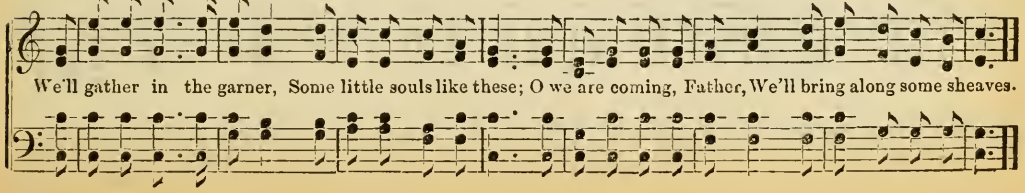


1. The harvest now is blooming, The word is on the breeze; The Master is commanding, Go gather in the sheaves;
2. I know I'm young, but willing To do my Master's will; I may not do much reaping. But yet I'll do his will;
3. When in that glorious mansion, I'll feel the heavenly breeze, All glory! I've a ransom, For bringing in some sheaves;



Our Father now is calling, The laborers in the field, O don't you hear him saying, Go gather in the sheaves,
I'll go at his own bidding—If I can but do these – I know that he will help me, To bring along some sheaves.
I'll see the striving angels, And with each one of these, I'll shout thro' coming age, For bringing in some sheaves.

Chorus.



We'll gather in the garner, Some little souls like these; O we are coming, Father, We'll bring along some sheaves.

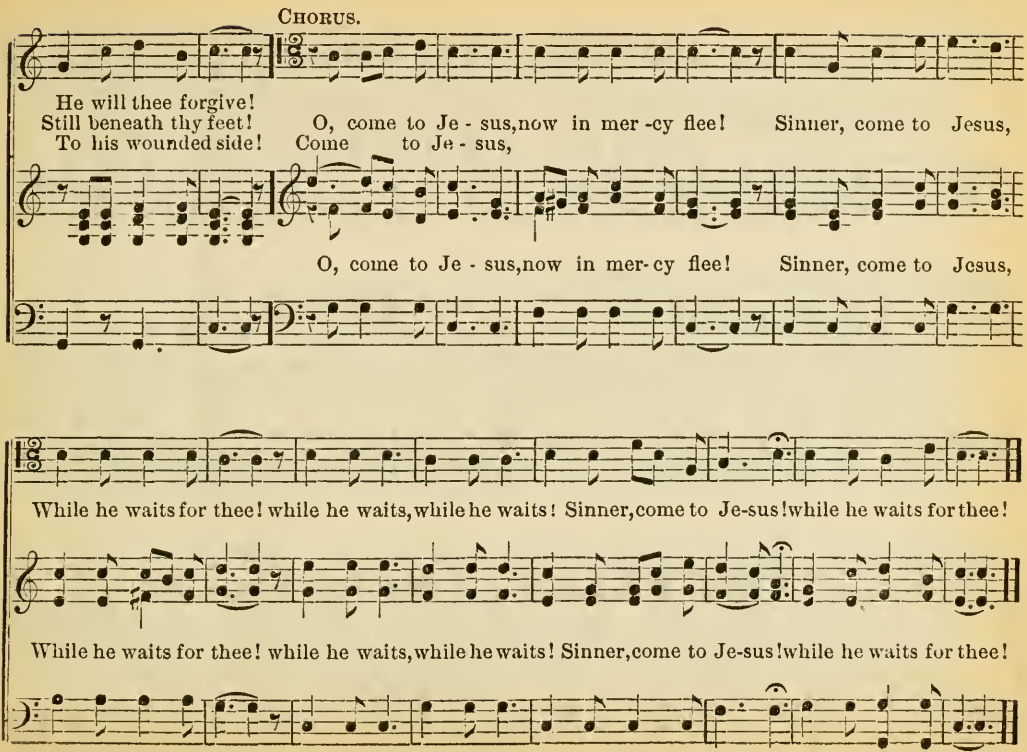
SINNER, COME TO JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. Composed for Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the celebrated revival singer. W. O. PERKINS, by permission.

SOLO or unison CHORUS.

1. Sinner, come to Je -sus! Thou in danger art! Do not longer tar - ry! Give him now thy
2. Sinner, come to Je -sus! Slight no more his love! He thy soul hath ransom'd For a home a -
3. Sinner, come to Je -sus! Leaving ev'-ry weight; Come, while He is call - ing! Soon 'twill be too

heart. Long hast thou been waiting, To re-pent and live! Sinner, come to Je - sus!
- bove. Though he long hath call'd thee, With his voice so sweet, Thou his blood hast trampled
late! On the rugged mountain, He for sinners died! Hasten, sin - ner, has - ten


CHORUS.
He will thee forgive!
Still beneath thy feet!
To his wounded side!
O, come to Je - sus, now in mer - cy flee! Sinner, come to Jesus,
Come to Je - sus,
O, come to Je - sus, now in mer - cy flee! Sinner, come to Jesus,
While he waits for thee! while he waits, while he waits! Sinner, come to Je-sus! while he waits for thee!
While he waits for thee! while he waits, while he waits! Sinner, come to Je-sus! while he waits for thee!

PRECIOUS JEWELS.

ESTHER D. CONDO. A. B. CONDO.

1. The pearl of great price, God's own sacrifice, To all will He give that come ; 'Twas bo't with the blood,
2. The diamond so bright, With white flashing light, Is like un-to Chris-tians true, Re-flect-ing the love,
3. Like faith that is true, Like love that is pure, Of mor-tals that nev - er fear, It strengthens weak hearts,

the Son of His love, When He left His Father's throne ; For poor sinners lost, He came to be scoffed,
from Je-sus a - bove, Giving blessings sweet and new ; Earth's tri - als so hard, He'll nev - er re-gard,
wards off sorrow's darts, Helps to dry the mourner's tears ; In sick-ness or death, in gladness or wealth,

Be trampled on—bruised in heart, He of-fers this pearl, Oh, lost ruined world, To those who from sin will part.
'Twill polish him but the more, Affliction may come, wherever he roams, But Jesus will guide evermore.
An anchor to Christians dear, Oh, it will be faith supporting in death Our hearts when that moment comes.

JESUS, COME AND BLESS US.

E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS, by permission.

1. Je - sus Thou hast promis'd, That when two or three In Thy name have gather'd, Thou wilt present be!
2. Je - sus Thou hast met us Oft in seasons past; But we need thy presence, With us to the last!
3. Je - sus tune our voic -es To the songs of praise! Be in each pe - ti - tion, That to Thee we raise!

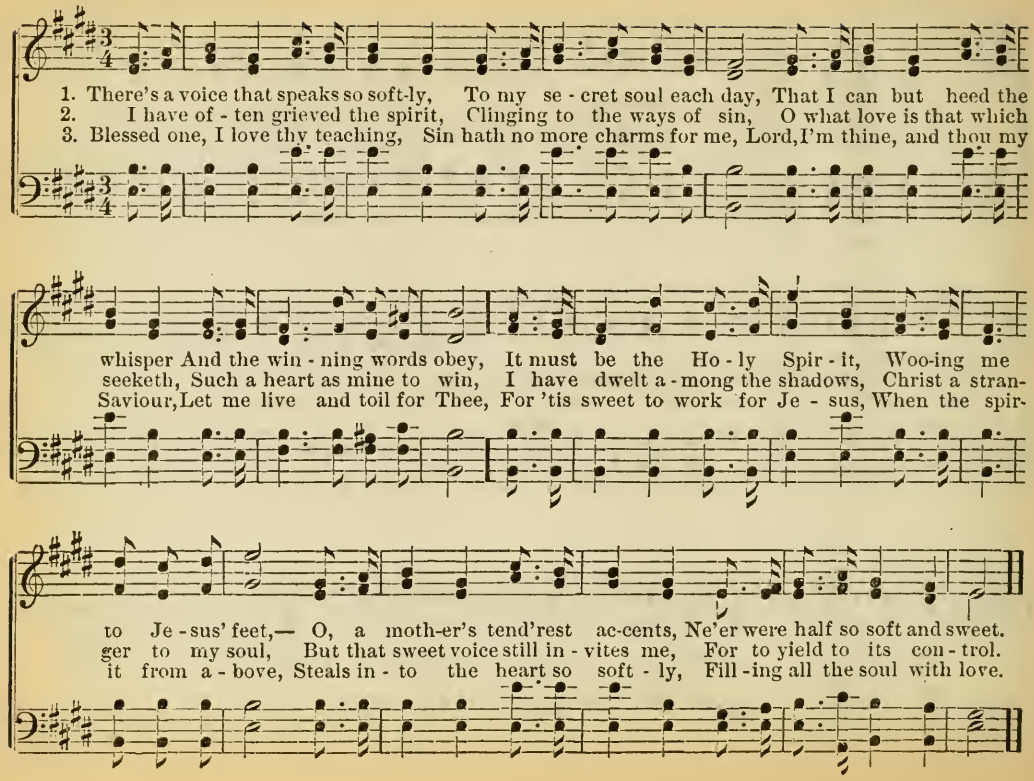
And, thy word believing, Now in pray'r we kneel! Jesus, come and bless us! Lord, Thyself reveal!
Come, oh blessed Saviour, And thy grace display! Hear us and accept us! Bless us while we pray!
Let our faith grow stronger, And our hope more bright; Let our love be purer, And our path more light!

CHORUS.

Jesus, come and bless us, While we linger here! Jesus, come and bless us! Be thou ev - er near.

RESOLVE.

Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier. Frank M. Davis.



MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

ELLEN M. H. GATES. Furnished by MR. SANKEY. W. O. PERKINS. By per.

1. I am far - a - way from my Fa - ther's house, And the years in - crease, The
2. I have sought the best that the world could give, As an i - dle guest, My
3. O the doubts and fears of the change - ful years; They have vex'd my soul! But
4. I will rise and go to my Fa - ther's house, For he knows his own; My

lights are dim in the banquet halls, The wreaths are with-er-ing on the walls, And I long for peace.
Father's house with its mansions fair, Is the place for me, and my heart is there, For my home is best.
safe for-ev-er and white and grand, My Father's house like a rock will stand, While the ages roll.
sins are dark and my eyes are dim, How poor I am, I must go to him, With myself a - lone.

CHORUS.

I will rise and go to my Father's house, And in his mercies will I rejoice, with heart and voice.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

Words and Music by A. B. CONDO.

1. I soon shall reach the gold-en gate, That leads in - to par - a - dise; To wel-come me my lov'd ones wait,
2. I m hastening to the land of light, The home of the Sanc-ti - fied; I long to see those mansions bright,
3. When I shall dwell beyond those gates, With Jesus my Sav-iour dear; I then shall sing and give my praise

CHORUS.

Be-yond the roll - ing skies. The gold-en gate, the gold-en gate, I'm near-ing to the gold-en gate;
I long there to a - bide.
To Him who saved me here.

1 Repeat. pp 2

O I've a prize be - yond the skies, To me a rich es - tate, To me a rich es - tate.

GOD KNOWS."

Words furnished by IRA D. SANKEY

W. O. PERKINS. By per.

May be sung as a Solo.

1. Oh! wild and dark was the winter night, When the em - i-grant ship went down, But just outside of the bar - bor bar, In the sight of the star - tled town! The rough winds howl'd, And the wild sea roar'd, And not a soul could sleep, Save the lit-tle ones on their mother's breasts, Too young to watch and weep.

2. No boat could live in the an-gry surf. And no cable could reach the land. And bold, brave hearts were up- on the shore, There was many a read - y hand, The wo - men pray'd, and the men they strove, When pray'r and work were vain, For the sun it rose o'er an aw - ful void, And si - lent was the main.

3. All day the watch - ers pac'd the sands. And all day did they scan'd the deep, All night the boom of the min - ute guns Echo'd loud - ly from steep to steep, "Give up thy dead, O thou cru - el sea! They cried athwart the space,—It was on - ly a ba - by's fra - gile form Es - cap'd from its stern embrace.

4. 'Twas on - ly one lit - tle child of all Who were there as the ship went down, That night, when happy the ba - bies slept All so warm in the shel - ter'd town. Wrapp'd in the glow of the morning light, It lay up - on the sand, It was fair as a sculp - tor's mar-ble dream, A shell was within its hand.

5. And none could tell of her race or kin, But "God knoweth," the pas - tor said, And sobbing children came near to ask For the name of the ba - by dead. And so they laid her a - way at last, And there in hush'd re-pose, On the stone they rais'd at the ba-by's head, Were carven the words "God knows!"

HOME AND HEAVEN.

Rev. J. D. Hammond. D. S. Hakes. By per.

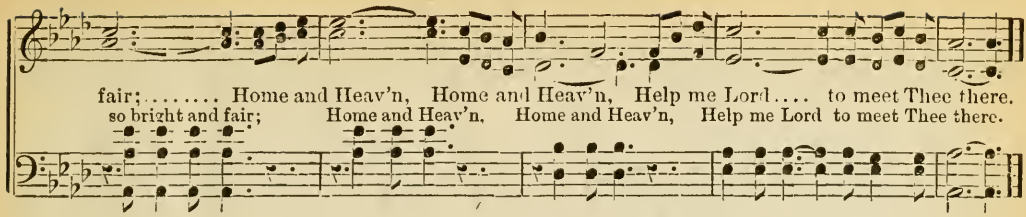
1. When mid toil.... and strife I wan-der, Far from home.... and those I
2. Then I see.... its ra - diant brightness, Far out - shin - ing light of
3. Let the thought of home and Heaven, Help me Lord to do my

love, Faith points out.... my home up yon-der, God's own home of light and love.
sun; Then I see.... the pearl-y whiteness, Of the robes through battle won.
best; Help me struggle as 'tis giv - en, Till thou call - est me to rest.

Refrain.

Home and Heav'n,.... Home and Heav'n,..... Hap - py place..... so bright and

Home and Heav'n, Home and Heav'n, Hap - py place



THE GOLDEN RULE.

J. C. J. *Andante.* HOFFMEISTER.

1. O! bounteous Hand; that soothes a brother's pain, That best obeys the ever blest command, "To
2. When others weep, then shalt thou sorrow too, And heavy burdens shalt thou kindly share, Then
3. Nor shalt thou stay at words or rea-dy tears, Let kind - ly ac-tion wait on kindly word, The
4. O, lov - ing heart, be thine, be thine the care With bright intent to lift thy torch on high, And

oth - ers do, as thou would'st unto thee That they should do," and the reward you'll gain.
smiles a - gain shall cheer a brother's way, And in his joy shalt thou thy joy re - new.
hun - gry feed; the wea - ry lead to rest, Be strength to weakness; courage for his fear.
point the way from darkness un-to light, Where all true friends the better life may share.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY.)

DR. GAUNTLETT.

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty, Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
Where a Moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for his bed;
2. He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall;

3. And through all His won-drous Child-hood, He would hon - or and o - bey;
Love, and watch the low - ly Maid - en, In whose gen - tle arms He lay;

Ma - ry was that Mother mild, Je - sus Christ, her lit - tle child. *For last*
With the poor, and mean and lowly, Lived on earth our Saviour Holy. *verse.*

Christian chil - dren all must be Mild, o - be - dient, good as He. A - men.

4.

For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
:He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;:‖
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
‖:For that Child so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in Heaven above.:‖
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6.

Not in that poor, lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
‖:We shall see Him; but in heaven
Set at God's right hand on high;:‖
Where like stars his children crown'd
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

CROWN YOUR SAVIOUR KING.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS. W. O. PERKINS.

Bold and steady.

1. The an - gels sang for joy When the Redeem - er came, And found it sweet em - ploy To laud his matchless name.
2. The poor, and sick and lame Rejoic'd to see his day, And prais'd his matchless name Who took their sins a - way.
3. With all the countless throng Who walk the gold - en street, We'll sing the sweet new song, And loud his praise re - peat.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing and crown him King, Make the dome of Heaven ring; Sing, O sing, and crown him King, O crown your Saviour King!

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

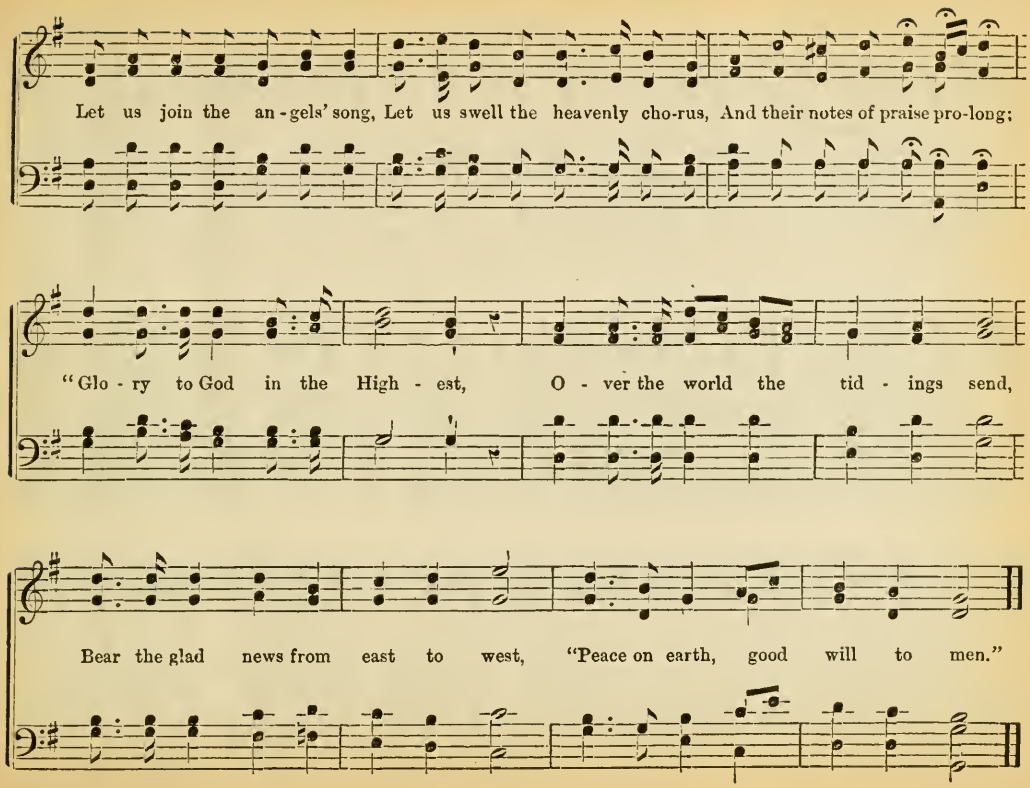
CHRISTIAN STAEBLER. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Mer - ry Christmas! Happy greeting! Reaching first the shepherd's ear, O, the joy - ous, glo-rious meeting.
2. With the shepherds' ea-ger longing, Let us go to Beth - le - hem, Where amid the an - gels thronging,
3. Humbly then the child a-dor - ing, Let us with the shepherds praise; Af-ter we have been ex-plor-ing,

An - gels tell them, do not fear. Join with us in mer - ry lay, Let your hearts with joy a-bound,
Lies the root of Jesse's stem. Hear them glad-ly, sweet-ly sing, "Glo - ry be to God on high!"
To the world the tid - ings raise; Hap - py Christmas! Blessed morn! Let our prais-es nev-er end;

CHORUS.

Christ is born to you to - day, Swell the cho-rus all a - round. Mer-ry Christmas! Mer-ry Christmas!
Hear them make His praises ring, All around—up in the sky.
Christ for us to - day is born! O'er the world the tidings send.


Let us join the an-gels' song, Let us swell the heavenly cho-rus, And their notes of praise pro-long;
"Glo-ry to God in the High-est, O-ver the world the tid-ings send,
Bear the glad news from east to west, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

AUTHUR W. FRENCH. FOR CHRISTMAS. W. O. PERKINS.

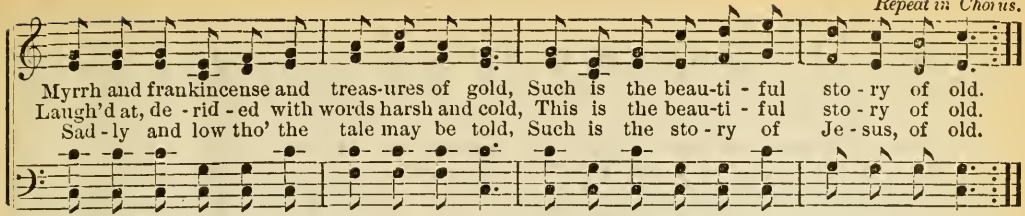
1. Je - sus, our Lord, in a man-ger was born, A - ges a - go on a beau - ti - ful morn;
2. Grow-ing to manhood, our Sav-iour we find, Preaching and heal-ing the sick and the blind,
3. Brought be-fore Pi-late, jeer'd at and re - vil'd, Cru - el - ly smote and his rai-ment de - filed,

Wise men led on by the light of a star, Has-ten'd to greet him from countries a - far,
Feed-ing the mul - ti - tudes, walking the sea, Tempted by Sa - tan, yet from his pow'r free.
Suf - fer - ing sor-row, in pain and in loss, Crown'd there with thorns and then nail'd to the cross;

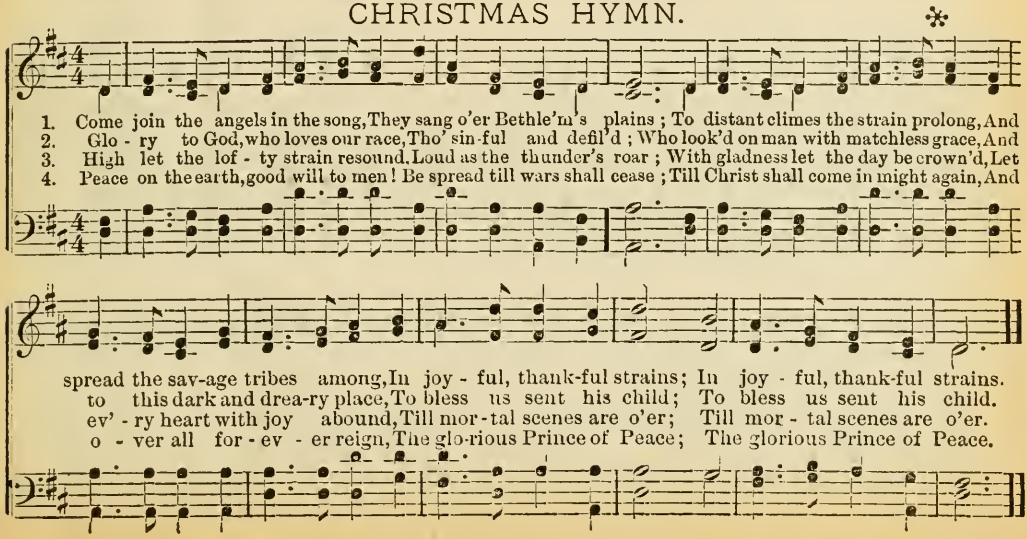
Com-ing to wor-ship him low - ly and sweet, Bringing rich presents to lay at his feet,
Do - ing the work of his fa - ther, our God, Footsore and wea - ry as on-ward he trod,
Shedding his blood there for you and for me, Giv - ing his life that man - kind might be free,

CHO. Such is the beau - ti - ful sto - ry of old, Sto - ry by sa - ges and prophets fore-told;

Repeat in Chorus.

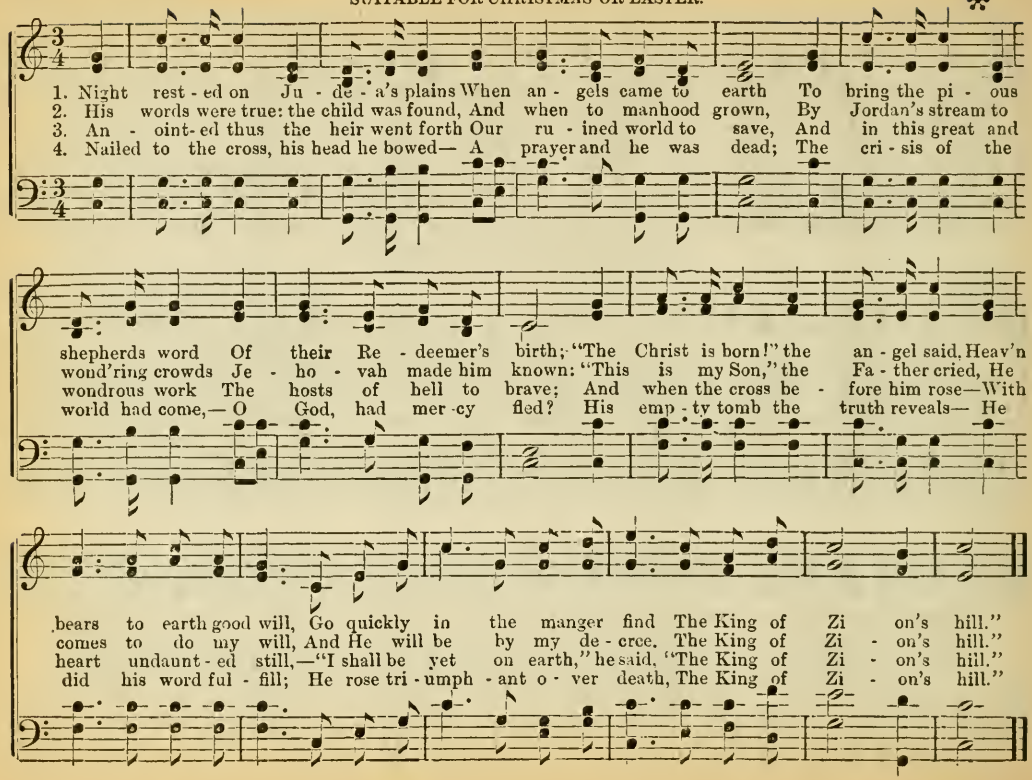


CHRISTMAS HYMN.



THE KING OF ZION'S HILL.

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS OR EASTER.



EASTER BELLS.

W. O. Perkins.
By permission.

Lively.

1 Let the mer-ry church bells ring, Let the church bells ring; Let the mer - ry church bells ring,
2. Let the mer-ry church bells ring, Let the church bells ring; Let the birds sing out a - gain
3. Let the mer-ry church bells ring, Let the church bells ring; Let the past of grief be past;

Hence with tears and sighing! Frost and cold have fled with spring, Life hath conquer'd dying, Flow'rs are smiling,
From their leaf - y bow - er, Prais-ing God in glad re-frain For his grace and pow - er. Sounds of joy-ous
This our comfort giv-eth—He was slain on Fri-day last, But to - day he liv-eth; Mourning hearts may

fields are gay, Sun - ny is the weath-er; With our ris - ing Lord to - day, All thing rise to - geth - er.
mirth are heard, As the breez-es flut - ter. "Christ is ris-en from the dead," Is the strain they ut - ter.
well be gay, Now the conflict's end - ed, And, as na-ture seems to say, Je-sus has as - cend - ed.

EASTER BELLS. Concluded.

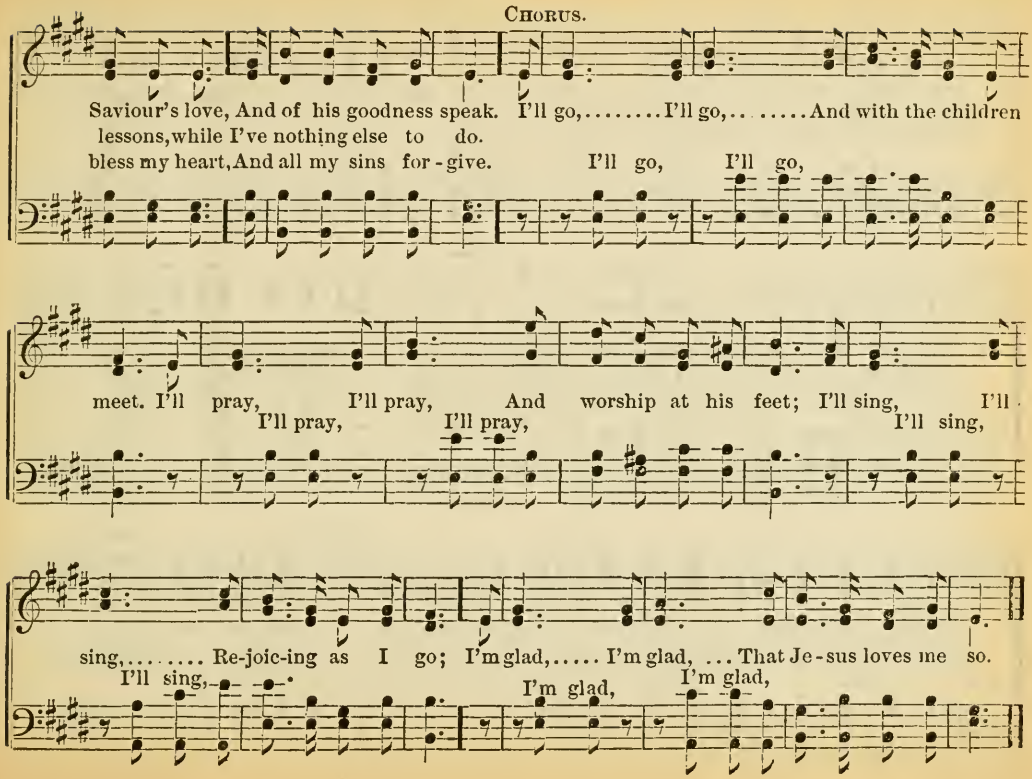
CHORUS.

Let the mer ry church bells ring, Let them ring! Let the mer - ry church bells ring, ring, Let them ring, Let the mer - ry church bells ring, ring, ring! ring! Let the church bells ring.

I'LL GO.

Words and Music by A. BYRON CONDO.

1. Oh how I love the Sabbath school. The place where children meet, And read a - bout the
2. I love to see my teacher's smile; I love my classmates too; I love to learn my
3. I love to read what Je-sus said, Whilst he on earth did live; I love to have him


Chorus.
Saviour's love, And of his goodness speak. I'll go,.....I'll go,.....And with the children
lessons, while I've nothing else to do.
bless my heart, And all my sins for-give. I'll go, I'll go,
meet. I'll pray, I'll pray, And worship at his feet; I'll sing, I'll
I'll pray, I'll pray, I'll sing,
sing,..... Re-joic-ing as I go; I'm glad,..... I'm glad, ... That Je-sus loves me so.
I'll sing, I'm glad, I'm glad,

OVER THERE.

E. A. Hoffman

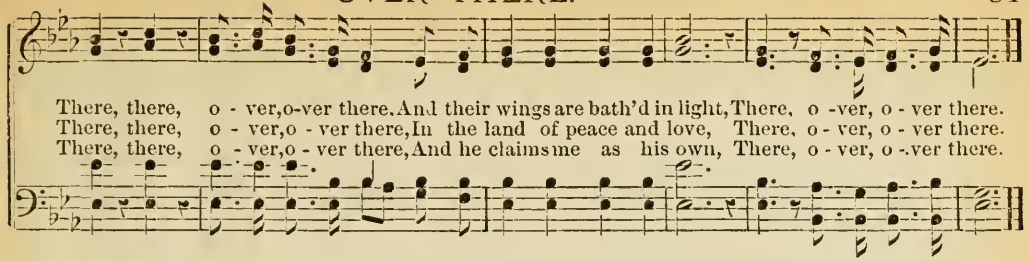
W. O. Perkins, by permission.

1 There are angels arrayed in white, There, there, o- ver, o - ver there, And their wings are bath'd in light,
2. There are mansions prepar'd above, There, there, o ver, o -ver there, In the land of peace and love,
3. Jesus sits on the great White Throne, There, there, over, o-ver there, And he claims me as his own,

There, o - ver, o - ver there; I'm a pil - grim to that land, To that blest hap - py land, And I
There, o - ver, o - ver there; There's a mansion there for me, O - ver death's raging sea, And I
There, o - ver, o - ver there; He sustains me by his grace In my brief, earthly race, And I

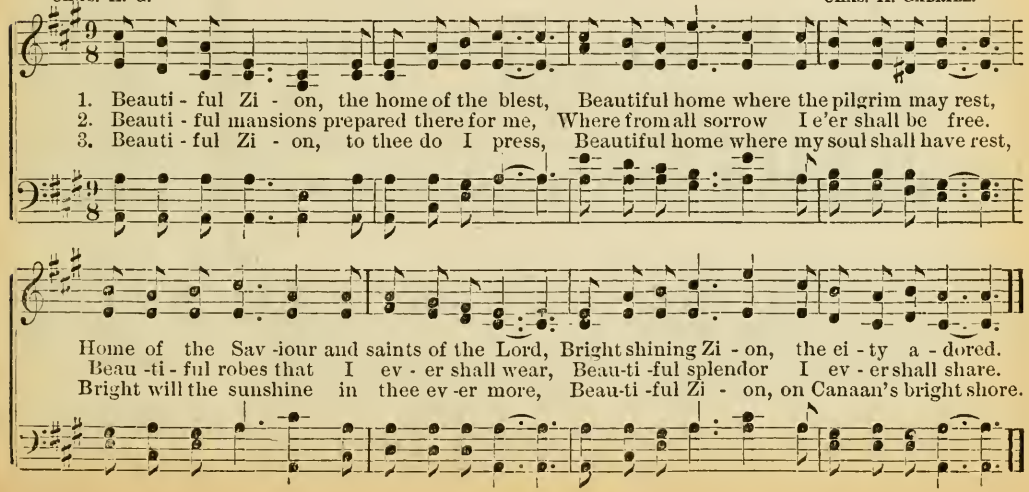
Chorus.

hope ere long I may join that throng In that happy glory-land. There are angels array'd in white,
fond -ly hope Soon its gates will ope, And its glory I shall see. There are mansions prepar'd above,
soon shall rest On his loving breast, And shall see him face to face, Jesus sits on the great White Throne,



BEAUTIFUL ZION.

CHAS. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



WHEN WE LAY OUR BURDENS DOWN.

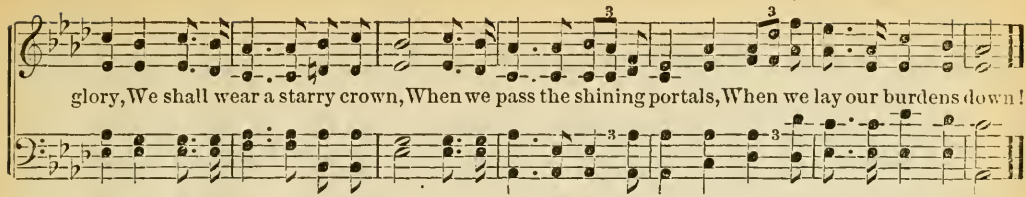
E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS, by per.

May be sung as a solo to "Chorus."

1. Tho' in life the tempests gather, And the clouds in blackness frown, We may hope for peace and quiet, When we lay our burdens down! We shall know no fear of danger, And no doubts shall e'er as-
2. Tho' the waves may rage about us, And the winds our voices drown, Peace shall be up-on the waters, When we lay our burdens down! We shall cast triumphant anchor, In the home-land of the
3. When we sink beneath our troubles, And our hearts have weary grown, Oh! how sweet to think of resting, When we lay our burdens down! How it helps us on our journey, To the bright for-ev-er-

CHORUS.

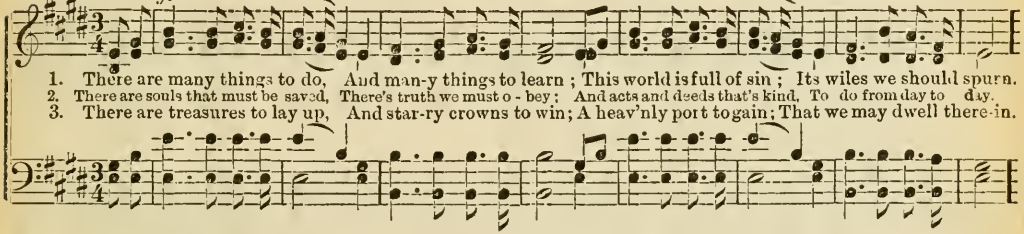
- sail, When our pil-grim-age is o-ver, And we pass beyond the vail! We shall see him in his
soul, We shall reign with Him for-ev-er, Where the billows nev-er roll!
- more! To the mansions over yonder, Where the lov'd have gone before!



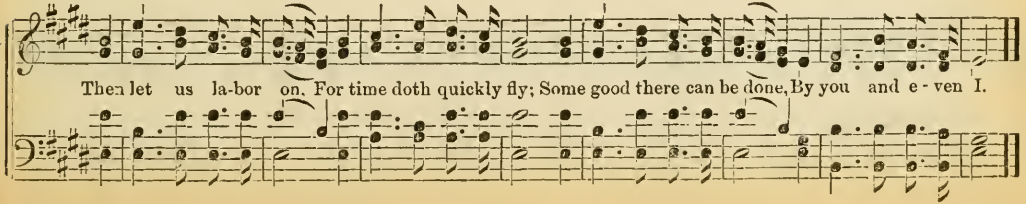
THEN LET US LABOR ON.

Words and Music by A. Byron Condo.

Earnestly.



Chorus.



HE IS LOFTY, I AM LOWLY.

"Thine oh Lord is the greatness, the power, and the glory." 1 Ch. xxix. 11.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. P.

1. Je-sus, mighty Prince of Glo - ry, Look on me a sin - ful child; Look and listen to my
2. Je-sus ev - er will de-fend me From the dangers of the way, He will ev - er - more be -
3. Je-sus is my help in sorrow, For his strength shall never fail, From his tender love I
4. Je-sus will not let me wander, He will keep me by his side, Till he finds a place up

CHORUS.

sto - ry, Though I am by sin de - fil'd. He is lof - ty, I am low-ly, Yet his
friend me, Seek me when I go as - tray.
bor - row All that makes my trust pre - vail.
yon - der For my spir - it to a - bide

blood was shed for me; Loving Je-sus, Sav-iour ho - ly, Let me ev - er cling to thee

LET THEM COME TO ME.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."—Luke xviii. 16.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Je - sus called the little ones,—Spake to them in tender tones, Took them in His arms and press'd
2. Still the loving Shepherd stands, Reaching out His gracious hands, Saying, "Let them come to me,"
3. Listen children! Hear His voice! Come and taste the heav'nly joys, Je-sus waits and longs to give,
4. Teachers, bring the children in, Precious gems for Je-sus win! Bear them to the Shepherd's arms,

CHORUS.

Lit - tle chil-dren to His breast. "Let them come to me," He said—Let them come,
Let them my sal - va - tion see!
All who will His love re - ceive.
Save them from the temp - ter's charms. Yes,

Rit.

Let them come, "Let them come to me," He said— Let the pre - cious lambs be fed.

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

E. R. Latta.

*

1. As Ja - cob, till the an - gel A bless - ing would be-stow, Pro-long'd the earn - est strug - gle, And would not let him go; So I, with Thee, my Sav - iour, An earn - est will would prove! And Thou, I know wilt bless me! I know thy heart of love!
2. Thou nev - er wilt re - fuse me The bless-ings that I need, If I be - lieve thy prom - ise, If I thy mer - cy plead; The love that groan'd and suf - fer'd, And died that I might live, Will nev - er prove un - will - ing Each need - ed good to give!
3. If e'er thy bless-ings fail me, Be mine a - lone the blame! The mer - cy that re - deem'd me, Is ev - er - more the same; The faith of Ja - cob give me, Dear Sav - iour, here be - low! Like him, with Thee to strug - gle, And nev - er let Thee go!

ESTHER D. CONDO. A. B. CONDO.

1. List, to the sto - ry Je - sus hath spoken, Un - to His children great and small; I'll be a light and
2. Un - to the wea - ry and to the burden'd, He hath said, "I will give you rest;" In - to His arms O
3. Then let us always heed His commandments, Ever in good works have a part; Wait-ing in patience

CHORUS.

guide to thy pathway, I'll be a shep-herd to them all. Bless-ed prom - i - ses Je - sus hath left us,
then He will take you, Safe-ly to rest up - on His breast.
'till Je - sus calls you, To dwell with all the pure in heart.

While we are journeying in this way; Look, then to Jesus, ever day by day, Then from him you will nev-er stray.

WHY STAY AWAY?

A. B. Condo. P. P. Bliss.

1. Why stay a - way from Jesus? Why heedless - ly pass by? Why not o - bey his calling,
2. Why stay a - way from Jesus; And bear the load of sin? When all you have to do, is,

Cho. *Why stay a - way from Jesus, Who of - fers peace and love? Oh, come ac - cept the Saviour,*

Fine.

Be - fore you'r called to die: In mer - cy he is pleading; How can you stay
To humbly come to him. The richness of His blessing, The com - forts of

And reign with him a - bove.

D. C. Chorus.

a - way; He lov - ing - ly invites you, To come to Him to - day.
His grace, He prom-is - es to give you, While running life's short race.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. "This land shall be your possession." Num. xxxii, 22.

1. There lies a fair and gold - en land, Beyond, be - yond the stars;'Tis where our Father's
2. 'Tis said the streets are paved with gold,Beyond,be - yond the stars; That fac - es there can
3. There wait sweet smiles for those that weep,Beyond,be-yond the stars; A -wak - ing for the
4. Oh hap - py days of by and by, Beyond, be- yond the stars; Our yearning hearts turn

mansions stand,Beyond,beyond the stars.'Tis there the flow'rs shall never die,Nor sunbeams fade from
ne'er grow old,Beyond,beyond the stars.Nor sorrow there,nor grief nor pain,The an - gel harpers
ones that sleep, Beyond,beyond the stsrs.There flow the many streams of grace,There is our sweet a-
with a sigh, Beyond,beyond the stars.We long to wear the robes of white, Amid the throng so

out the sky. Our home in days of by and by, Beyond, beyond the stars.
wake the strain Of praise to him that still doth reign,Beyond, beyond the stars.
bid - ing place, Beside our Saviour's lov - ing face, Beyond, beyond the stars.
fair and bright, To sing God's praises day and night, Beyond, beyond the stars.

MY LONG FAREWELL.

Words and Music by A. Byron Condo.

1. Only a few more days of toil and care, On-ly a journey of a day or two, On - ly a few afflictions yet to bear, Un-til my heavenly home appears in view.
2. Nothing have I to love but friends below, Nothing but what I freely bid farewell, Nothing to cheer or comfort as I go, But my dear Saviour whom I love so well.
3. Nothing to fear while passing Jordan o'er, Nothing to mar my peace so calm and sure, For many lov'd ones pass'd this way be-fore, And are at rest in heav-en safe and sure. Then I'll say my long farewell,
4. When I shall safely land upon that shore, And meet with Jesus and the saints on high, Glory shall be my song for ev - er more, Where happy spirits live without a sigh. Then I'll say my long farewell, farewell,

Chorus.

To all sin and sorrow here below, Then a-way in heav'n to dwell, I will shout in triumph as I go.
Then away in heav'n to dwell, to dwell,

A. BYRON CONDO. W. O. PERKINS.

Moderato.

1. If with sin you now are griev'd, Tell it all to Je - sus, If you want to be reliev'd, Tell it all to Je - sus;
2. Tho' you're loaded down with care, Tell it all to Je - sus, Seek his grace in humble pray'r, Tell it all to Je - sus;
3. If you want his love divine, Tell it all to Je - sus, Ev - er in your heart to shine, Tell it all to Je - sus;

He is ever kind and true, And will surely par-don you; Then o-bey the Saviour's call, Go and tell him all.
Nev-er fal-ter by the road, Tho' you bear a heav-y load; Nev-er with your burden fall, Go and tell him all.
Then when toil and care are o'er, And we reach the golden shore, We shall hail him with the call, Jesus! All in All!

CHORUS.

Tell him all, tell him all, Tell it all to Je - sus; He has died to save us all, Tell it all to Je-sus.

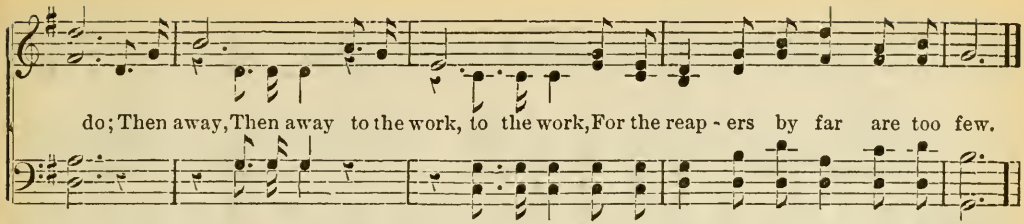
AWAY TO THE WORK.

A. Byron Condo. W. O. Perkins.

1. There is work to be done for the Mas-ter above, That so kind - ly has car'd for us all; There are les - sons to learn, there are songs to be sung, To the Sav-iour are man - y to call.
2. There are e - vils to shun, there's a race to be run, And kind words for the Mas - ter to say; There are wea-ry to cheer with the prom-ise of rest, That's prepar'd in that home far a - way.
3. There are fal - len to raise and the err - ing to guide, There are vic - t'ries to win on the way; There are crowns to be won and a prize to obtain, Then a - way to the work while 'tis day.

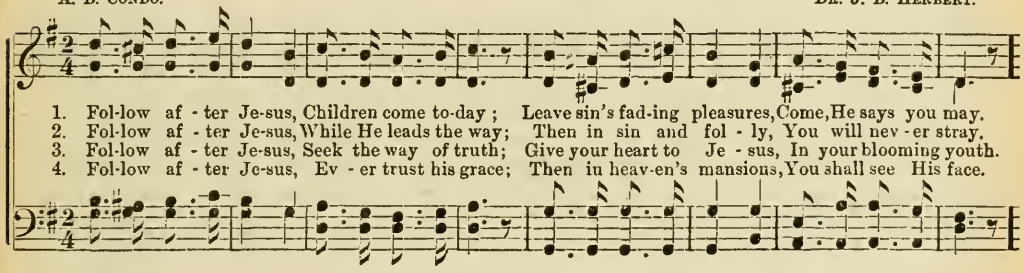
Chorus.

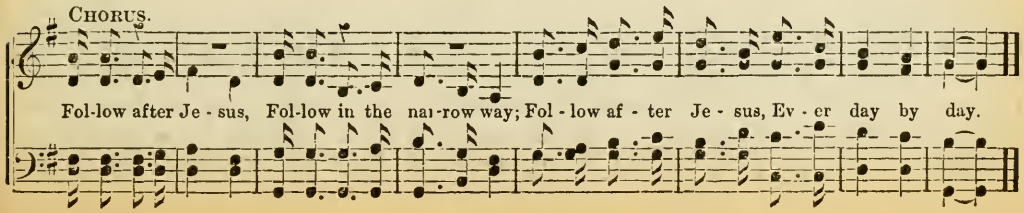
Then a - way, then a - way, to the work, to the work, That the Mas - ter has call'd us to



FOLLOW AFTER JESUS.

A. B. Condo. Dr. J. B. Herbert.





THE MANTLE OF PEACE.

FANNIE CHADWICK. W. O. PERKINS.

Andante

1. Oh, how soft is the man - tle of peace Which the hand of our Saviour be - stows! When from doubts and complainings we cease, And consent on his love to repose.
2. Oh, how light falls the man - tle of peace On the wounds of the world-wea-ry soul! When from guilt we are giv - en re - lease, And our bur - dens a - way from us roll.
3. Oh, how firm - ly the man - tle of peace Can withstand all the wrath of the blast! Let the gales in their fu - ry increase, Here is shel - ter till dan - ger be past.
4. Oh, how free - ly this man - tle of peace Com - eth down with its comfort to bless! 'Neath its folds all fore -bo -dings must cease, Nor a want nor a woe can oppress.

CHORUS. DUETT.

Precious Love! Precious Love, Blessed Rest! Blessed Rest! From above come the Love and the Peace! Weary

CHORUS.

souls, sad hearts and oppress'd Fly home like a bird to its nest! For the Saviour will give you release.

JESUS IS MY FRIEND.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS.

1. When the way looks dark and drear, Jesus is my friend; When I feel temptation near, Jesus is my friend;
2. When for-sa-ken, then I cry, Jesus is my friend; He will love me till I die, E-ven to the end.
3. Let me raise my thankful voice, Jesus is my friend; Let me with the saints rejoice, Jesus is my friend.

Then it is in humble pray'r, At His feet I cast my care, Clinging to His cross while there, Jesus is my friend.
Whatso-ev-er be my lot, Home, a palace or a cot, Rich or poor it matters not, Je-sus is my friend.
Tho' the sol-id rocks be rent, And the vivid lightning sent, trusting Him I'll be content, Je-sus is my friend.

A THOUGHT COMES FLOATING.

MARY TORRENCE. A. B. CONDO.

1. A thought comes floating thro' the air, A gen-tle thought and true, And now be-fore it flits a-way, I'll pris-on it for you; Wher-ev-er life may guide our steps, Thro' pleasure or through care, We do not tread the way a-lone, God's with us eve-ry-where.

2. We'll nev-er fear the dark-est way, Nor winds that fiercely blow, With this thought ever in our hearts, Its truth we surely know; We do not know just how He means To lead us on, nor where, But this we know, we can-not drift Be-yond His gen-tle care. *This*

CHORUS. *gen-tle thought doth com-fort me, The thought of His fond care, That guid-eth us in all life's ways,—He's with us eve-ry-where.*

FINE.

D.C. CHORUS.

Words and Music by A. BYRON CONDÉ.

1. Have you heard of Je - sus, How he lov'd the world, How he came to gath - er, Children to his fold?
2. Have you heard of Je - sus, And His sav - ing grace? Is His love e'er beam - ing, Brightly in your face?
3. Have you heard of Je - sus, And the star - ry crown? We can wear it, when we Lay our armour down.

Have you heard of Je - sus, Love-ly, meek and mild, Who has come to save you, Tho' a lit - tle child?
Have you heard of Je - sus, Who is kind and true, And the man - y bless - ings Promis'd un - to you?
Have you heard of Je - sus, And that home on high, Where the saints and an - gels Wait for you and I?

CHORUS.

Come, come, Je - sus calls to - day, Come, come, Hear Him and o - bey.

MISSIONARY SONG.

Z. Z.

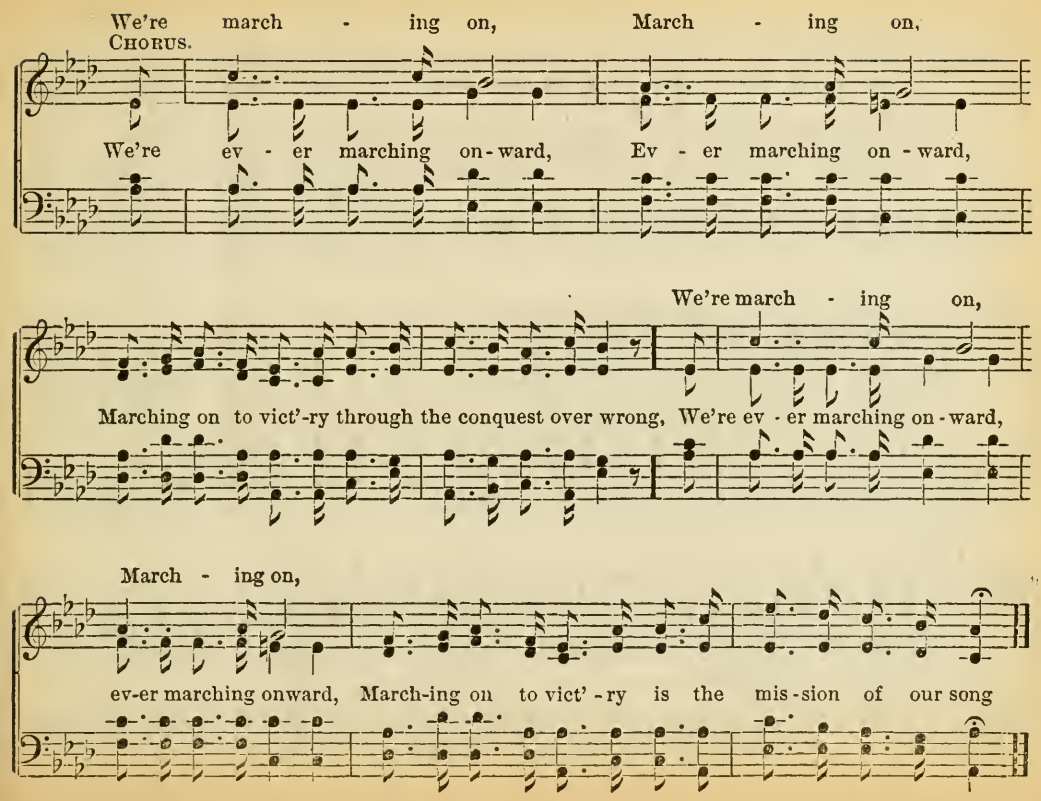
J. H. ANDERSON.

Gliding.

1. Lord, within thy ho - ly temple, Once a - gain we all unite; On our lit - tle band as - sembled,
2. We wou'd tell the heathen nations, Of a Sa - viour good and kind, Tell them of a bet - ter coun-try,
3. O! when in that land of beauty, Wand'ring thro' its streets of gold, Many ransomed souls may meet us,

Deign to pour Thy heavenly light, We have met as will - ing help-ers, In our
Where they all may entrance find; Tell them that for those that hun - ger, There im -
And in tones of bliss, un - fold, How, lost sheep, they wandered sad - ly Thro' the

Master's cause to-day; Glorious cause, we deem it worth-y, Even of an an - gel lay.
mor - tal fruits abound, That for those who here are thirst-ing, There are crys - tal wa - ters found.
des - erts dark and cold, Till we told them of a Shep-herd, Who would, take them to his fold.


We're march - ing on, March - ing on,
CHORUS.
We're ev - er marching on - ward, Ev - er marching on - ward,
We're march - ing on,
Marching on to vict'-ry through the conquest over wrong, We're ev - er marching on - ward,
March - ing on,
ev-er marching onward, March-ing on to vict' - ry is the mis - sion of our song

WAITING FOR THE DAWNING.

MARY TORRENCE. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Wait - ing for the dawning of a bright-er day, Waiting 'till earth's shadows all shall float a - way.
2. Tho' we may grow wea-ry of the toil and strife, Yet we will not fal - ter in the way of life.
3. Wait - ing for a wel-come on the oth - er shore, When our care and sor row here on earth are o'er.

Tho' the sky is cloud-ed for a lit-tle while, We will wait in patience for the sunlight's smile.
On the Saviour's promise we will e'er re - ly, 'Till we reach the mansions far be-yond the sky.
Wait-ing, ev - er wait-ing for the promis'd rest, When we'll reign with Jesus, sanc - ti - fied and blest.

CHORUS.

Wait-ing, we are waiting 'Till the clouds float by; Waiting for the dawning, coming by and by
Wait - ing, wait-ing, &c.

Words and Music by A. B. C.

Concert piece to be sung by children as a Solo or Duett and Chorus.

Cheerfully.

1. Mer-ri - ly we sing our songs to-night, With our fa - ces smil-ing gay and bright, Hav - ing for our mot - to,
2. How we love to meet - to-geth - er here, Sing - ing praise to Je - sus who's so dear; While we march a-long we'll
3. Hap-py is the tho't, that day by day, Je - sus ev - er leads us on our way; Let us all be joy - ful

CHORUS.

Truth and *Right*, In the Saviour's praise we all u - nite. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, sing the joy - ful song,
nev - er fear, For the Saviour's promised to be near.
while we may, Nev-er from the Sav - iour will we stray

Je-sus is smil-ing up-on us, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful - ly let us march a-long, To the promis'd land so glo-rious.

I TAKE THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

J. H. ANDERSON.

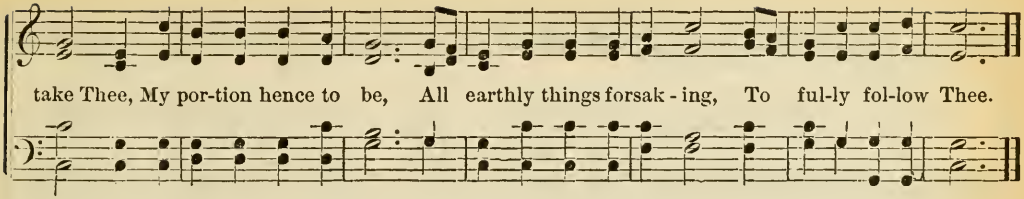
Legato.

1. I take Thee, precious Je-sus, My portion hence to be— All earthly things forsak - ing,
2. Yes, take Thee, precious Je-sus, And who can tell the worth Of such a boundless por-tion
3. The glorious crown a-bove me, The prize reached out of view, And if I love and serve Thee,

To ful - ly fol - low Thee; I'll plunge in - to the fountain, Now o-pened wide for
As Christ, possessed on earth? 'Tis food, and drink, and cloth-ing, And all things else com-
I'll wear it as my due; We'll sing of conflicts end - ed, And shout o'er vict'ries

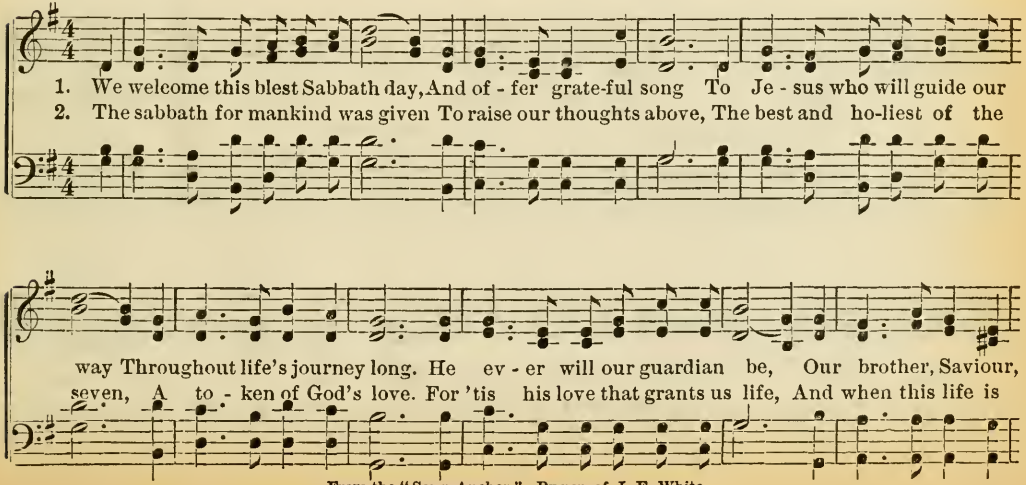
CHORUS.

me—That fountain ev - er precious, The blood of Christ so free. I take Thee, I
bined; But most of all's suf - fi-cient, The long-ing of the mind.
gained, Thro' a - ges nev-er ending, We'll swell the joy-ful strain.



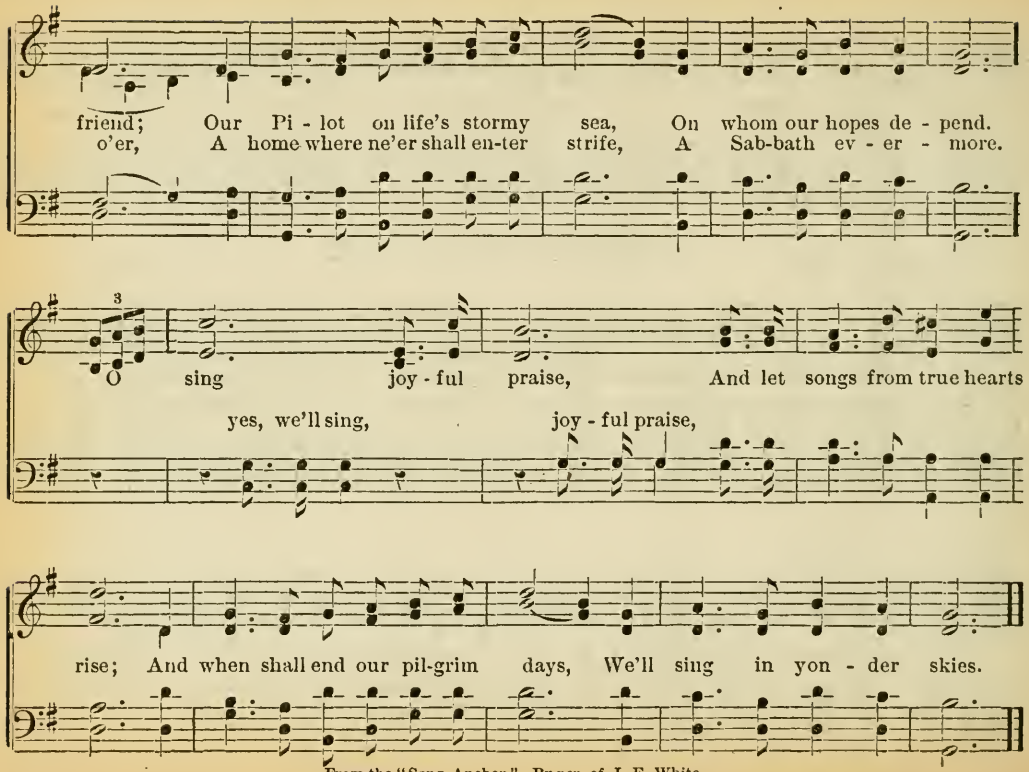
SABBATH WELCOME.

F. E. Belden. 1878. D. S. Hakes. 1878.



From the "Song Anchor." By per. of J. E. White.

SABBATH WELCOME. Concluded.



From the "Song Anchor." By per. of J. E. White.

TAKE UP YOUR CROSS.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

"Take up the cross and follow me." Mark x : 21.

1. Take up your cross of sorrow, And press along the way, Delay not till to-morrow, Let come what will or may; Fresh
2. Your cross may be so heav-y It almost bears you down, The worldly and un-godly May pass you with a frown; Fear
3. That cross a lov-ing Saviour Has given you to bear, By sin it is your por-tion, Its pain a-while to share; But
4. That cross of sin and sorrow By Christ is sanctified, From him your courage bor-row, It was for you he died; Take

strength from Jesus borrow, Take up your cross to-day; Fresh strength from Jesus borrow, Take up your cross to - day.
not, but with fresh courage Press forward to the crown; Fear not, but with fresh courage Press forward to the crown.
there is full re - demption With Jesus o-ver there; But there is full re - demp-tion, With Jesus o - ver there.
up the cross to - mor - row, And for his cause de-cide; Take up the cross to - mor-row, And for his cause de-cide.

CHORUS.

Take up your cross of sorrow, And press along the way; Why linger here, in doubt and fear? Take up your cross to-day.

ONLY THINE!

E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS.

Andante. May be sung as a Quartette.

1. Jesus, Thou hast died to save me, And I bless thy pow'r divine! Thou hast bo't me in thy
2. I some precious seed would scatter, Tho' it be with fee-ble hand! I some golden sheaves would
3. Let me feel that Thou dost own me, Let thy face upon me shine! With thy gentle voice con -

mer - cy! Take me, make me whol -ly thine! I would la - bor in thy vineyard, From the
gath - er! When the Master shall command. Saviour own me as thy servant, And some
- fess me! Take me, make me whol -ly thine! Day by day, as on I journey, Let thy

Rit. *A Tempo.*

dawn to day's de-cline! I would be thy true dis - ci - ple! Take me, make me wholly thine!
task to me as -sign! Let me nev- er serve an - oth - er, Take me, make me tru -ly thine!
sav - ing grace be mine! And when toil and care are o - ver, Take me, make me ev - er thine!

CHORUS. *For the last verse the Chorus may be repeated pp.*

Only thine, on - ly thine, only, thine, only thine, Oh, the love that thou hast shown. On-ly thine, on- ly on - ly thine!

love that thou hast shown,

p

thine. on- ly thine! Saviour keep me for thine own; Only thine, on -ly thine, on - ly thine! Yes, on - ly thine!

p

ONWARD.

E. P. NOYES.

1. Take thy staff O pilgrim, Haste thee on thy way; Let the morrow find thee, Farther than to - day.
2. If thou seek a cit - y, With a gold -en street, Pause not on thy pathway, Rest not, weary feet.
3. In the heavenly journey, Press with zeal a -long, Resting will but wea - ry—Running make thee strong.

WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

Words and Music by W. O. PERKINS.

May be sung as a Quartette to "Chorus."

1. Come to Je -sus, blest Redeemer, Who has died our souls to save; He who rose from death tri-
2. O what love the blessed Saviour Bears to all his children here; To his presence he in -
3. Come, O come and bless his mercy, Who descended from above, Bringing with him peace and
4. Come to him, all who are wea -ry, In his arms there still is room; Fly to him for rest and

CHORUS.

- umphant, Gain'd the vict' - ry o'er the grave. We are com - - - ing, blessed
- vites them, Bids them all to come that hear.
par - don With a Fa - ther's boundless love.
shel - ter, All ye heav - y lad - en, come. We are coming, blessed Saviour, We are

Sav - iour, Nev -er more..... from thee to roam;..... In thy
coming, blessed Saviour, Never more from thee to roam, No, nevermore from thee to roam; In thy

Repeat Chorus pp for last verse.

Ritard.

foot - - steps we will fol - low. Till we reach..... the shining home. .....
footsteps we will follow, In thy footsteps we will follow, Till we reach the shining home, the shining home, shining home.

LONGING FOR REST.

Words and Melody by P. P. Bliss. Harmonized by A. Byron Condo.

Not too fast.

f *To rest with - in thy lov- ing arms,*

1. My Saviour I am longing now, To be at home with Thee, To rest with-in thy loving arms,
2. I love to follow af - ter Thee, And in thy love a - bide; But Lord I'm weak and ask of Thee,
3. I know I'm nearing to the end, My faith looks up to Thee; I'm longing for to wear that crown,

To all e - ter - ni - ty

Fine. Chorus. *D.S.*

To all e - ter - ni - ty.
To ev - er be my guide. How I long, how I long, How I long to be with Thee;
That thou hast kept for me. how I long, how I long,

BLESSED STORY.

Rev. D. B. Byers. A. Byron Condo.

D.C. 1. *I love the blessed sto - ry, Of Him who died for me, The Lord of earth and glo - ry,*
2. 'Tis sweet to think of Je - sus, As once a ho - ly youth, As one who lov'd the Bi - ble,
3. Di - vine -ly pure his manner, Divine - ly sweet his love, His life a source of bless - ing,

FINE.

Who is, and is to be! I shrink not from the man - ger, Where lay
And taught its sa - cred truth. Or, as a migh -ty Proph -et, To shed
Pure as the life a - bove. I see Him 'mid the sunshine, Of pop -

D.C.

the ho - ly Babe, Where love divine 'mid dan - ger, Pillowed the In - fant head.
forth heavenly light, To heal the bro - ken heart - ed, And scat - ter sor - row's night.
u - lar applause, Or hear the heartless clam - or, A -gainst his life and cause.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

"This word is a lamp to my feet."

Andante.

1. Word of God, thy light shall guide us Thro' this drea-ry earth -ly land, So that nothing may be ·
2. When the days are dark and drear-y, And no gleam of hope we see, When our feet grow worn and
3. From thy light and love we ev - er Gain new strength to onward press, Clinging to thee we will
4. Word of God, light of the Ho - ly! Far and wide your gleamings fall, Rich and poor, the high and

CHORUS.

tide us, Till we reach the gold -en strand.
wea - ry, Trusting we will turn to thee. Lamp of heav - en, trim'd and burning, Light of
nev - er Leave thee, source of hap-pi - ness.
low - ly, Still you shine a - like on all.

The small notes may be sung or omitted, at pleasure.

a - ges, hope and love, Guide each wand'rer home returning To his Father's house above.

COME, O COME.

Words and Music by A. B. C

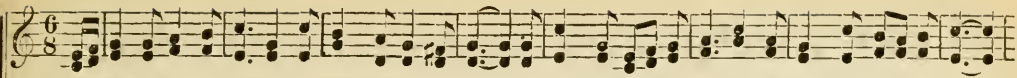
1. Lit-tle chil-dren one and all, Come, O come! Lis - ten to the Saviour's call, Come, O come! Je - sus waits to
2. He has promis'd you his love, Come, O come! And his blessing from above, Come, O come! He will ev - er
3. You shall rest at Jesus' feet, Come, O come! And those lov'd ones you shall meet, Come, O come! There's a starry

CHORUS.

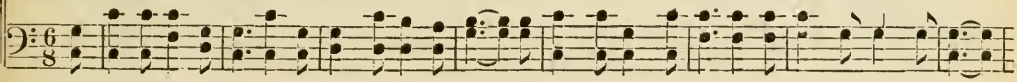
bless you now, If you will before Him bow; Come to God and pay your vow, Come, O come! He is wait-ing
be near by, Then on Him if you re - ly, He will take you up - on high, Come, O come!
crown to wear, In those mansions bright and fair, All its glo-ries you may share, Come, O come!

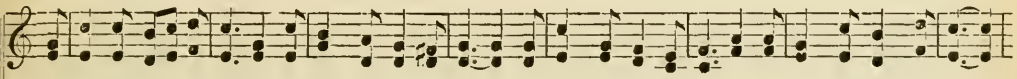
you to save, And to cleanse your heart with-in; For you all his life he gave, Come, O come.

DR. J. R. DODOE.

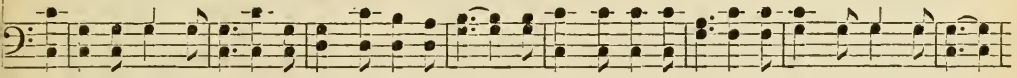


1. Oh save our land for Jesus, He claims it for His own, From o - cean un - to o-cean, Let His dear name be known;
2. With pray'rs and with true courage, To guard the nation's life, We'll gird us for the conflict, And for the coming strife;

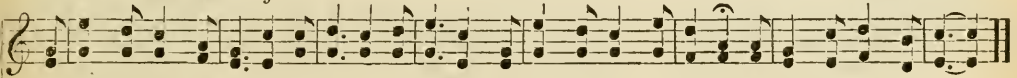




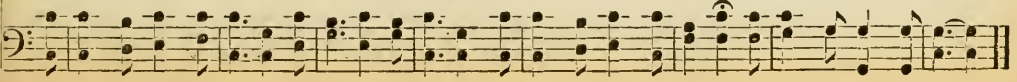
'Tis ours to tell the sto-ry, 'Tis ours to preach the word, To lead from grace to glory, 'Till all shall know the Lord.
To save our land for Jesus, We'll spend our latest breath, And on - ly drop the ar-mor, In vic - to - ry or death.



CHORUS. *Loud and Lively.*



Our land, dear land for Je-sus, For Je-sus, for Je-sus, Our land, dear land for Je-sus, He claims it for his own.



A WELCOME.

MRS. FANNIE M. PARKER. FOR S. S. CONCERTS, FESTIVITIES, &c. A. BYRON CONDO.

1. A welcome to-night friends! A welcome to-night; With faces and voices and hearts all a - light,
2. Your coming togeth - er and presence to-night; We hail as a promise and harbin-ger bright,
3. O hap -py the moments togeth - er we spend, A pleasure unsul - lied our concert attend,

With gladsome e - motion and thanks unto you, We welcome you gladly and earnest - ly too.
Of int'rest a - waken'd, in aid of our School, We hopeful -ly pray may not languish or cool.
With union of voic- es and hearts al- so too, We hear - ti - ly tender our welcome to you.

CHORUS.

A wel -come, a welcome, a welcome to-night, With spirit and voices all gladsome and blithe,

A welcome, a welcome

A WELCOME. Concluded.

A welcome we're singing in earnest delight; A welcome, a welcome, to friends here to-night,

A welcome, a welcome

cres. *Rit.*

Your help we are needing for truth and for right, A welcome, a welcome to - night.

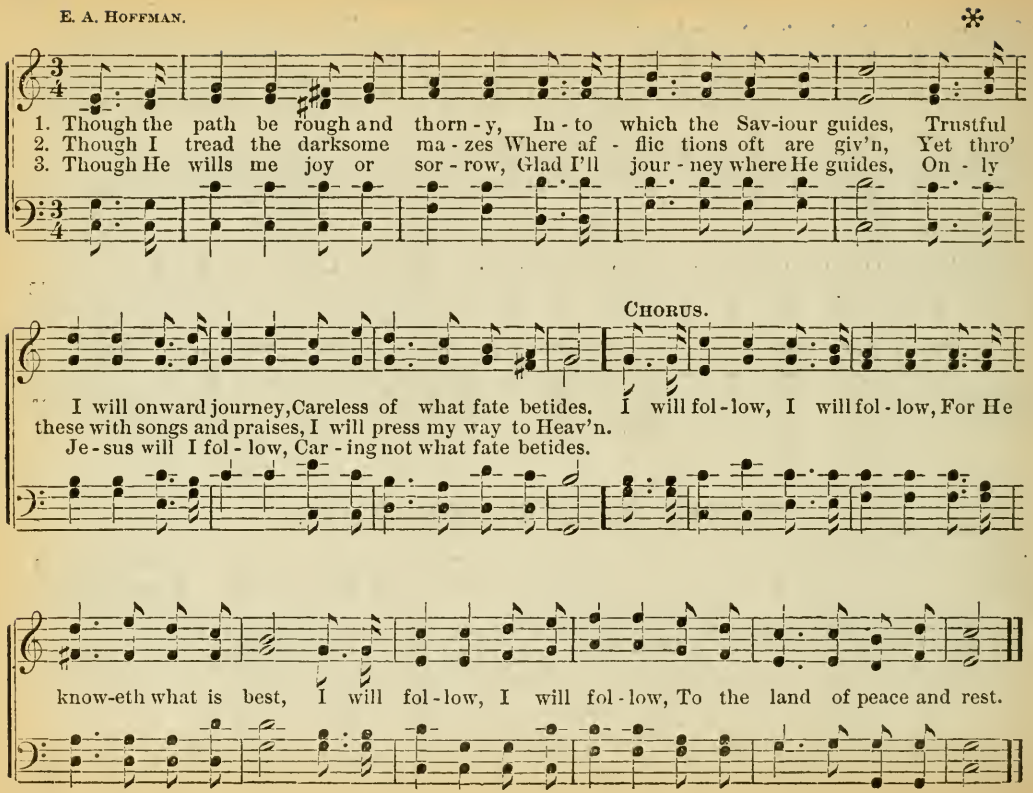
SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

FANNIE CHADWICK.

1. Suf - fer lit - tle children, Full of their glee, Let the lit - tle children Come un - to me.
2. Tell the lit - tle children, Each girl and boy, Give to Je - sus welcome Share in their joy.
3. Let the lit - tle children, When they are sad, Tell him all their troubles; He'll make them glad.
4. Hap - py lit - tle children, Just such as we, Workers true for Je - sus, Dai - ly may be.
5. Go and tell the children, All that you see, Je - sus says so kind - ly, Come un - to me.

I'LL FOLLOW JESUS

E. A. HOFFMAN.



GO LABOR IN THE VINEYARD.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. B. C.

1. The Mas-ter has a vine-yard, That needs a care-ful till - ing, A - bun - dant is the la - bor,
2. Go, la - bor in the vineyard, Be faithful to your call - ing, For souls around are dai - ly
3. Go, la - bor in the vineyard, And bring a-long to heav - en, Some souls now lost and ru-ined,

CHORUS.

But few to la - bor wil - ling. Come bro - ther to the vine-yard, The Sav - iour calls
In death and ru - in fall - ing.
To thee in mer - cy giv - en.

for you; A bun - dant is the la - bor, The la - bor - ers are few.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

DUETT OR QUARTETTE.

1. Now we wan - der where the shadows Hov-er dark - ly o'er our way, Where the on - ly gleam of
2 Now we are as lit - tle chil-dren Blind-ly grop - ing to and fro, And our feet are worn and
3. Now our hearts are full of sad-ness, And the thorns still press our feet, Je - sus' ten - der love shall
4. Now our earth-ly joys are fleet - ing, Pleasures come and from us creep, Nothing here but what is

CHORUS.

sun-shine Is for hope - ful hearts to say, Then we'll live and rest for - ev - er On the
wea - ry, As a - long the way we go.
cheer us, Bring-ing hope and com-fort sweet.
tran-sient, Still this hap - py thought we keep;

gold - en an - gel shore, We shall weep or sor - row nev - er, Live and love for - ev - er more.

PLENTY TO DO.

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry. J. W. Ruggles.

Allegretto.

1. There is plen - ty to do in this world of ours; There are weeds to pluck from a-mong its bright flow'rs;
2. There are fountains of sin and of sor - row to seal; There are fountains to op - en, the nations to heal;
3. There is plen - ty to do over all this fair land, There's work crowding the brain, crowding heart and the hand;
4. There is plen - ty to do; there are children to teach; An e - van - gel of love and of mer - cy to preach;

There are fields to sow; there are fields to reap, And vineyards to set on the moun - tain steep;
There are brave words to speak, and songs to be sung; There are doors to be opened, and bells to be rung;
There are mill-ions to feed in the world's busy hive; There are railroads to build, and there's engines to drive;
There's the fall - en to lift, and the proud to a-base, To bring right and wrong to their own fitting place;

There are for - ests to plant, and for-ests to fell, And homes to be builded on hill - side and dell.
There's a con-flict to wage with the armies of sin; There's a for-tress to hold, and a for-tress to win.
There are path-ways to mark o-ver mountain and lea; There are harps to be hung in the depths of the sea.
There's an en-sign to plant on the heights of the sea; And there's work for the million, for you and for me.

WORK ON.

TEACHER'S WORKING SONG.

Andante.

1. O faint not, fal-ter not, dear friends, But chase a-way your fears, The harvest time will come at last, Tho' long you sow in tears; And ev - en if you reap not here The
2. How sweet, when with white robe and palm, On heav'n's glad shore you stand, To meet some wept-for schol-ar there, A - mid the ran-som'd band; And hear from him, that truths once taught By
3. And now as he with rapture sings The song for - ev - er new, He feels that un - der God, he owes His harp and crown to you; For thro' your fer - vent, earnest words, And
4. Will not this be a rich reward For all the pa-tient toil With which you dropp'd the seeds of life, In such un - cul - tur'd soil; Work on in faith and ar-dent hope, And

recompense of love, Yet shall you gath - er gold-en sheaves, In brighter worlds a-bove.
you in by - gone days, Had led him to the cross, and turn'd His feet from error's ways.
all - prevail-ing prayer, He sought that grace which now ex-pands In per - fect glo - ry there.
ne'er despond a - gain, You know your la - bor in the Lord, Can nev - er be in vain.

S. S. TEACHER'S SONG.

E. R. LATTA. W. O. P.

1. Oh, 'tis a bless-ed task, indeed, The faithful teach-er's place to fill! To teach the young and
2. Oh, 'tis a great and solemn charge, To be the guardians of the young! To mould the op'ning
3. Oh, teach-ers, do not wea-ry grow, Tho' oft your la - bor is in vain! Though little fruit you

ten-der heart, To do the Heav'nly Father's will! The sim - ple faith and ear - nest love, Up-
life a-right, And tune to praise, the lisp-ing tongue! To teach them to o - bey the Lord, And
now may see, E - ter - ni - ty shall make it plain; How ma - ny that are chil-dren now, Shall

on the Sav-iour dear to stay; The steps of childhood and of youth, To guide along the nar-row way.
keep the spirit free from guile! To teach them from the word divine, And shield them from the tempter's wile.
pass in-to that blissful rest: And in the Judgment day shall rise, And call the faithful teach-er blest.

WHILE IT IS DAY.

MARY TORRENCE. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Work while it is day, The Mas - ter did com-mand; Time floats fast a-way, Oh, work with heart and band;
2. Work while it is day, The sun is sink-ing fast; His bright beam-ing ray, Will soon be o-ver - past;
3. Work while it is day, It will not all be done; La - bor as we may, Un-til the set-ting sun;

Eve-ning shades are falling, Night comes swiftly on; Us to work He's calling, Ere the day is gone.
Lis - ten what he's saying, As he sinks to rest; "Mor - tal, why, de - lay-ing, View the golden west."
Work un - til the gleaming, Of the gol-den day, Time is fast re-ced-ing, Soon 'twill pass a - way.

CHORUS.

Work while it is day, Time floats fast a - way; Night is coming on, The day will soon be gone.
Work, work, while it is day, Night, night is coming on,

HE LEADETH ME.

A Byron Condo. Chas. A. Lackey.

1. He lead-eth me, I need not fear, The way is dark, but He is near, I al-ways know one list'ning ear
2. He lead-eth me, where life is bright, He guides me ev-er with delight; Tho' I should wander out of sight,
3. In dark,–in light,–when shades descend, Unseen there walks with me a friend, And He has promis'd, to the end

Chorus.

Is bowed my hum-ble prayer to hear. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, And I shall
He lead-eth me to paths of right.
My way-ward foot-steps to at-tend.

fol-low on, Through all the toils of life, 'Till heav-en shall be won.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

Rev. D. B. Byers. A. Byron Condo.

1. I am sitting by the River, Where the Pilgrim's journey ends, Where the world recedes forever,
2. There is land behind the shadow, Which o'erhangs the narrow stream; There is joy without a sorrow
3. Many friends have passed before me, And I do not fear the tide, For I know I may with safety,

And the soul on hope depends; All life's la - bor now is end-ed, All its tri-als now are o'er;
In that ho - ly and unseen, There is love and joy and beauty, There is glo - ry ev - er more;
In my Saviour's word confide, Oh the rapture of the visions, Which are bursting on my soul;

Chorus. Wait - ing,

Faith and hope are sweetly blended, As I'm wait-ing by the shore.
There I'll live in peace for-ev - er, And the Lamb of God a-dore. Wait-ing, I am waiting,
Oh! the glo - ry of the mansions, Where no waves of trouble roll!

by the Riv - er, Sighing for..... the bliss-ful shore,..... Where the

I am longing to cross o'er, I am weary, lone and dreary, Sighing for the blissful shore; Where the

shad - ows set-tle nev - er, And life's heart - aches are no more. *Rit e dim.*

shadows set-tle nev-er, And our sorrows are all o'er, There to dwell where life's sad heartaches are no more, no more.

WEARY, HEAVY LADEN.

Words and Music by A. B. C.

1. "Weary, heav-y la-den, Lo! I come to thee; Take my yoke up-on you; Meekly learn of me."
2. Come, for I am wait-ing; I will give you rest; You shall dwell for ev-er, Safe a-mong the blest."
3. "Time is fast-ly passing; Not a mo-ment lose; *Now* I of - fer mer-cy; *Now* you ought to choose."

OUR ANGEL HOME.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

Moderato. May be sung as a Duett to Chorus.

1. O'er the rug-ged path we wan der On-ward to our home, To the Gold-en
2. Oft the feet are sore and wea - ry Treading o'er the road, And the world grows
3. On the Saviour's grace re - ly - ing As we jour - ney on; Soon with sor-row
4. There's a glim-mer on the path-way, Light from out the Throne; Je - sus, take me

CHORUS.

Ci - ty yon-der We soon shall come.
all un - cheer-y, Hea - vy the load. 'Tho' we faint up - on the way,
and with sigh-ing We shall be done.
to thy Pal-ace, I am thine own.

We shall reach our heav'nly home, Reach our shin-ing an - gel home, In end - less

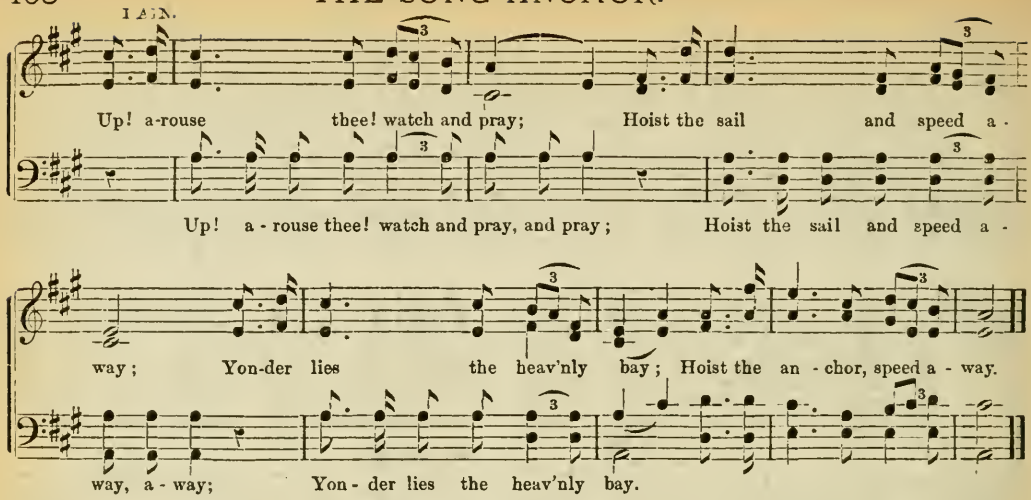
THE SONG ANCHOR.

F. E. Belden, 1878. D. S. Hakes, 1878.

1. Hail! oh lit - tle Christian sail - or, Hail the day that God has blest; Cast your anchor for a mo - ment, From all earth - ly cares to rest. There's a bet - ter land be - fore us, And if hope is sure and strong, Faith can view the peaceful ha - ven, And can hear the ransomed song.
2. Hope a - bid - ing is our an - chor, Song the sil - ver cable strong; And when dark'ning storm clouds gath - er, Use your an - chor and your song; For the wea - ry lit - tle sail - or, On the toss - ing sea of life, Oft - en needs a faith - ful re - fuge, Lest he per - ish in the strife.
3. Lit - tle hearts have lit - tle an-chors, Lit - tle hopes within each breast; Hopes to gain the Christian's ha - ven, Where the children, too, find rest. And when glides our bark so peace - ful, Brighten them with prayer and song; Polished hopes are sharpened an - chors, To the soul both sure and strong.
4. Waken, lit - tle Christian voyagers! Set the helm for yon-der star; Thro' the heav'nly por-tals gleam-ing, Thro' the gates that stand a - jar; For the bark that's al - ways drift - ing At the mer - cy of the tide, Nev - er gains the peaceful ha - ven, Far a - cross the wa - ters wide.

From the "Song Anchor." By per. of J. E. White.

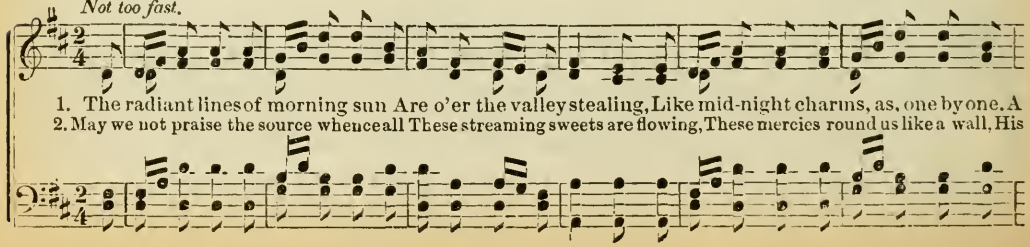
THE SONG ANCHOR. Concluded.



THANKSGIVING.

A. Byron Condo. Delia A. Brown.

Not too fast.



blissful sight revealing; Down thro' the clouds that blessed sight, The domes of heav'n are wreathing, A
Providence is throwing; An evening golden, tranquil, clear, On nature now is fall - ing; May

CHORUS

bright new day of am - ber light, To ev' - ry one be - queathing, With grateful hearts we
ev' - ry one with song or cheer, On Je - sus now be call - ing.

hear the news, With joys we greet the morn, We'll tune our voice in praise to thee, Till thou shalt call us home.

GOOD BYE.

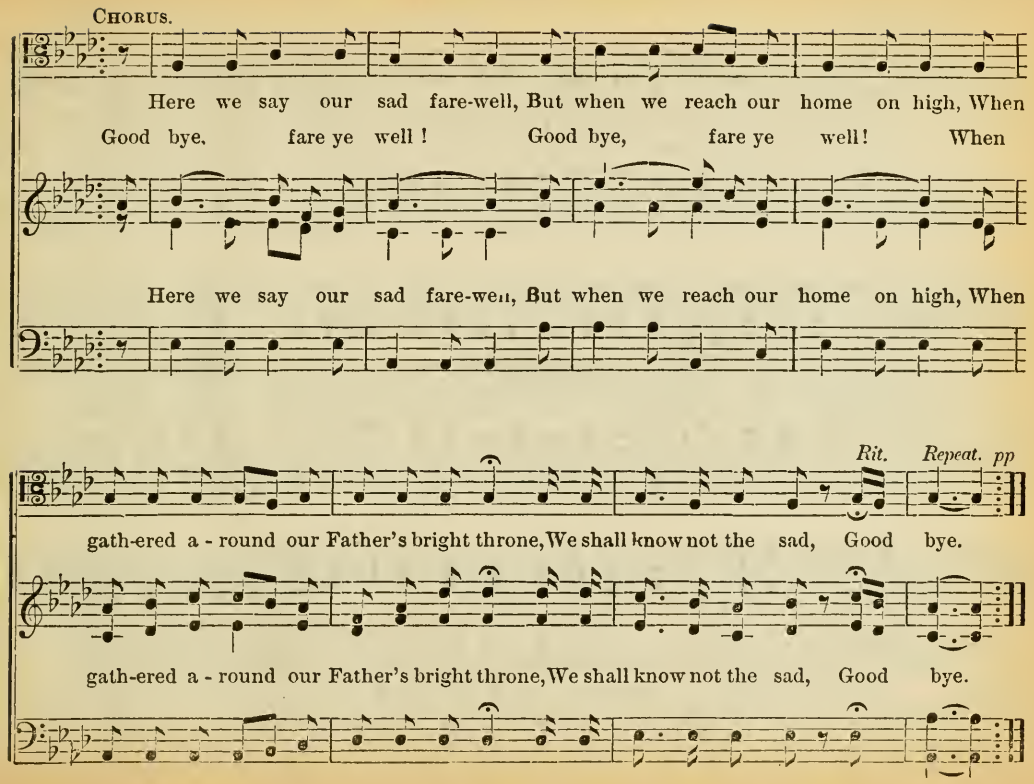
REV. D. B. BYERS. A. BYRON CONDO.

Moderato.

1. This life has its charms, as well as its toils, Its bright as its tear-dimmed eye;
2. We love 'mid the scenes of life for to meet, Tho' time doth so quick-ly fly;
3. This earth is the home of sor - row and care, And of the dim, tear - ful eye;

Rit - ard.

Its words of "Good cheer" from which none recoils, And al - so its sad, Good bye.
With sor - row and tears, the thought we shall greet, Sug-gest-ing the sad, Good bye.
But up in that home so bright and so fair, They know not the sad, Good bye.


Chorus.
Here we say our sad fare-well, But when we reach our home on high, When
Good bye, fare ye well! Good bye, fare ye well! When
Here we say our sad fare-well, But when we reach our home on high, When
Rit.
Repeat.
pp
gath-ered a - round our Father's bright throne, We shall know not the sad, Good bye.
gath-ered a - round our Father's bright throne, We shall know not the sad, Good bye.

I DID WHAT I COULD.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. P.

Slowly.

1. I met a poor wand'rer to-day, Benighted and hun-gry and sad; I gave him of meat for his need, I
2. I told him the Father's great love, Who sent His dear Son down to die, That sinners repentant might live And
3. Oh! let us while serving the poor With raiment and bread for their need, Remember the Spirit's true life, And

cloth'd him and made his heart glad; But yet there was something he crav'd While tears down his pale cheeks did roll; Oh
reign in His Kingdom on high; I bade him look up and believe, While journeying on to the goal, I
sow of the heav-en-ly seed, That fruit may grow up to the Lord, As years of our pil-grim-age roll, For

tell me, Oh, tell me, he cried, Pray what can you do for my soul? Pray what can you do for my soul?
strengthen'd his purpose with pray'r, I did what I could for his soul, I did what I could for his soul.
sweet is the promise di-vine, To him that shall save but *one* soul, To him that shall save but *one* soul.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. "He leadeth me." Ps. xxii, 2. W. O. PERKINS.

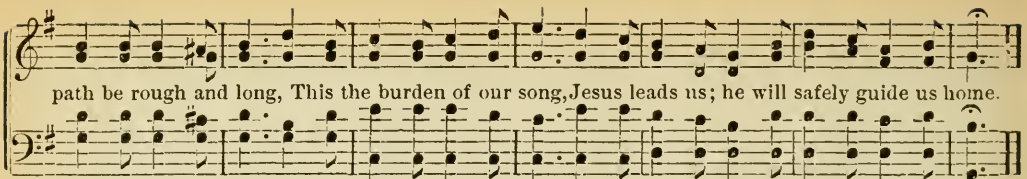
Allegretto. May be sung as a Quartette to Chorus.

1. Jesus leads us all the way! Blessed thought to those that stray Weary, through this world of sin and pain and
2. Je - sus leads us, on we tread, Wanting not for drink or bread, By his grace and mercy we have all we
3. Je - sus leads us, what care we If it night or day may be, There is sunshine ev - er near his lov - ing
4. Je - sus leads us, and his hand Points un-to the promis'd land, Where by faith our dear eternal home we

woe; Still by faith we cling to him, Tho' the path be dark and dim, He shall be our guide and
need; Since there comes to all a share, Can we doubt his lov - ing care, For with-out it we are
face, There's a smile for all our tears, And sweet hopes for saddest fears, On his breast, our holy,
see; Crossing o - ver Jor-dan's tide, With him on the oth - er side, We will min - gle with the

CHORUS.

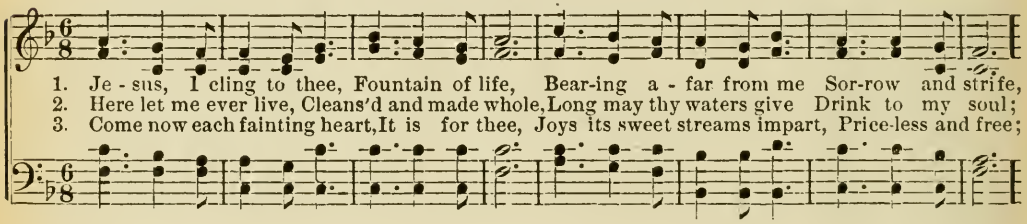
com - fort as we go.
ver - y poor in-deed.
sweet a - bid - ing place. Jesus leads us, Jesus leads us! Blessed thought to those that roam! Tho' the
ransom'd and the free

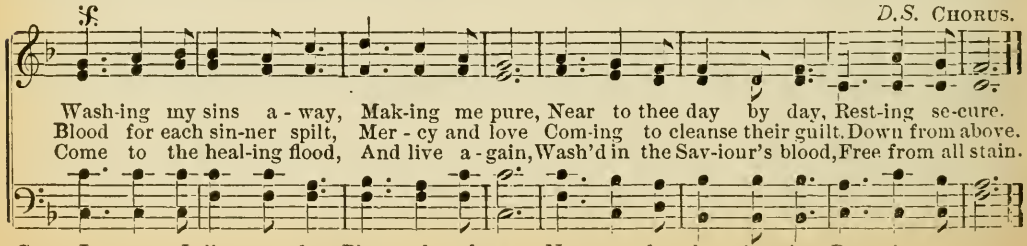


JESUS, I CLING TO THEE.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

"With Thee is the Fountain of life." Ps. xxxvi. 9.





CHO. *Je - sus, I cling to thee, Bless - ed and pure, Near to thee day by day, Rest - ing se - cure.*

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. W. O. PERKINS.

1. When the Saviour we love was on earth, And His lessons of mercy were giv'n, Then He bless'd the sweet lambs of the
2. Just as near is the Saviour to - day To the dear little lambs of His love; Just as watchful and ten-der His
3. Do the lit-tle ones stray from the path, Are they lost in the storm or the cold? Oh! He seeketh them lovingly

CHORUS.

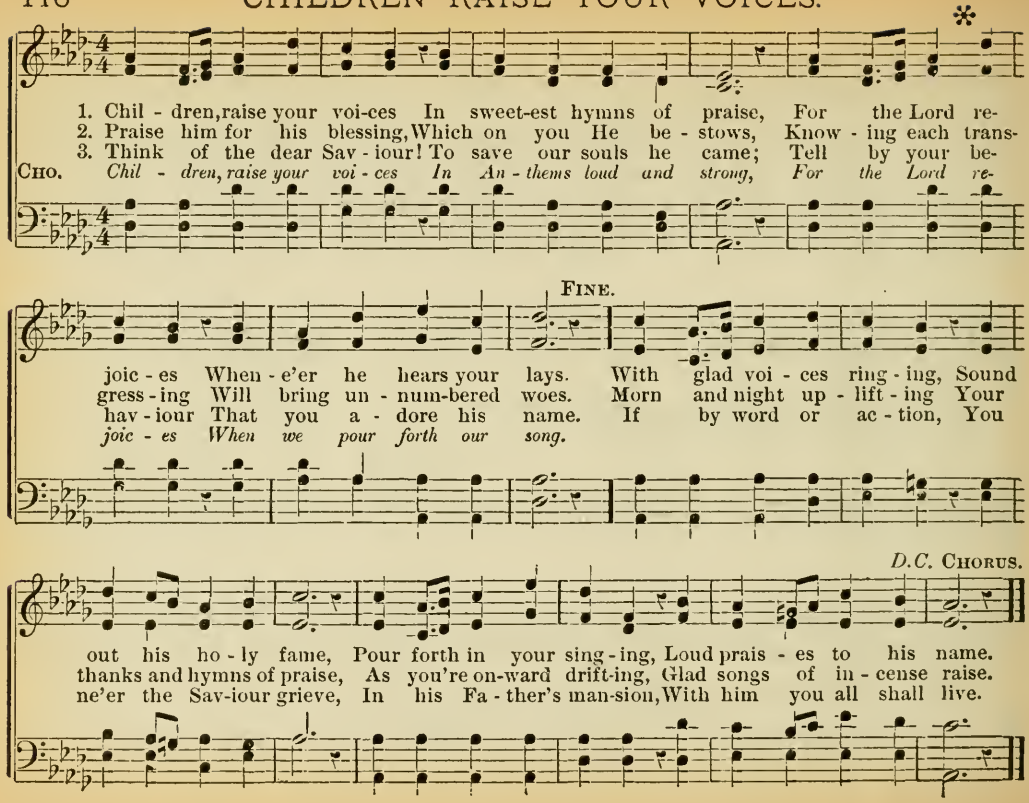
fold, "For of such is the king-dom of Heav'n." In those blest, hap - py days, Jesus
eye, Looking down from the mansions above!
then, And re-stor-eth them safe to the fold!

In those blest, hap - py days,

said lit - tle children may come; In those blest, happy days, He re-ceived all who came un-to Him.

In those blest, happy days, happy days,

CHILDREN RAISE YOUR VOICES.



THE WANDERER.*

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. W. O. PERKINS. By per.

SOLO, OR A FEW VOICES.

1. A lit - tle maid - en to our door One win - t'ry morn - ing came, The snow lay heav - y on the ground, And she was sick and lame. We asked a-bout her home and friends, She could not make re-ply, But with her slender fin - gers raised, She pointed to the sky.

2. We tried to cheer her ach - ing heart, We did what - e'er we could, But tho' she smil'd her thankful - ness, She could not taste the food. She fad - ed like a gen-tle flower, We knew that she must die, And oft she whisper'd of her home, And pointed to the sky.

3. One day the an - gels gave her wings, And bore her far a - way, Where want and sickness nev - er come, And pleasures ne'er de - cay, Her earth-ly tri - als all are o'er, No long-er need she roam, For, oh, the wand'ring child we know, Is safe, yes, safe at home.

* We must never forget *the children at the door.* Thousands of them are homeless and friendless; and many, even in this Christian land, are starving in soul and body for the want of help. *Let us help them.*

CHORUS.

O, 'tis there be-yond the star-ry plain, We shall meet, we shall all meet again; We shall

starry plain meet again,

meet, we shall meet, we shall meet, we shall all meet a-gain.

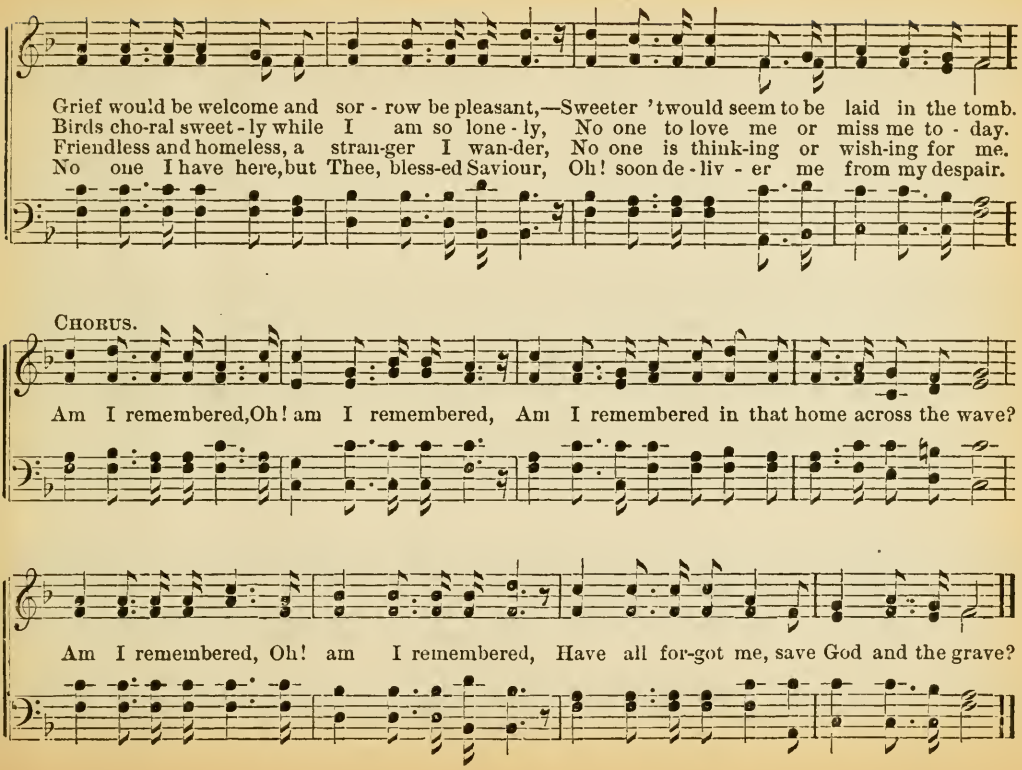
We shall meet, we shall meet,

AM I REMEMBERED?

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. A. BYRON CONDO.

Slowly and earnestly.

1. I'd be so hap-py to know I'm remembered, If I but knew that they missed me at home.
2. Each of the be-ings that God has cre-a-ted, Seem-eth to live and be hap-py al-way,
3. Slow-ly the days draw their length o'er my pathway, Nothing but gloom in the dis-tance I see,
4. Soon, Lord, I hope in thy mansions of beauty, Thou wilt re-ceive me and welcome me there,


Grief would be welcome and sor - row be pleasant,—Sweeter 'twould seem to be laid in the tomb.
Birds cho-ral sweet - ly while I am so lone - ly, No one to love me or miss me to - day.
Friendless and homeless, a stran-ger I wan-der, No one is think-ing or wish-ing for me.
No one I have here, but Thee, bless-ed Saviour, Oh! soon de - liv - er me from my despair.
Chorus.
Am I remembered, Oh! am I remembered, Am I remembered in that home across the wave?
Am I remembered, Oh! am I remembered, Have all for-got me, save God and the grave?

SWEET WELCOME HOME.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

Moderato.

1. O-ver the wa-ters of life now we sail, Sweet welcome home, welcome home. What if the storms or the
2. Day af-ter day still we toss on the sea, Sweet welcome home, welcome home. Passing the breakers and
3. Safe in-to harbor some day we will glide, Sweet welcome home, welcome home. No more to battle the

tempests prevail, Sweet welcome home, welcome home. Bound for the beautiful evergreen shore, Soft gales may waft us or
reefs on our lea, Sweet welcome home, welcome home. Je-sus our pi - lot is steady and true, Trusting we know he will
storms or the tide, Sweet welcome home, welcome home. Beautiful angels await on the sands, Lov'd ones and lost ones with

wild waters roar, Soon we will hear when our jour - ney is o'er, Sweet welcome home, welcome home.
car - ry us through, Safe to the land where are skies ev - er blue, Sweet welcome home, welcome home.
wel - com-ing hands, Hap - py that day when our feet touch the strands, Sweet welcome home, welcome home.

WE ARE LITTLE CHILDREN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Chil-dren young and small are we, But our Sav-iour will we love; He will
2. Je - sus took the lit - tle ones, In his arms when here be - low, Well he
3. In his mansions bright and fair, He will take us home to rest, He will

take us in his arms, To his hap-py home a-bove.
loves them now as then, For the Bi - ble tells me so.
give us crowns to wear, He will make us ev - er blest.

CHORUS.

We are lit - tle children,

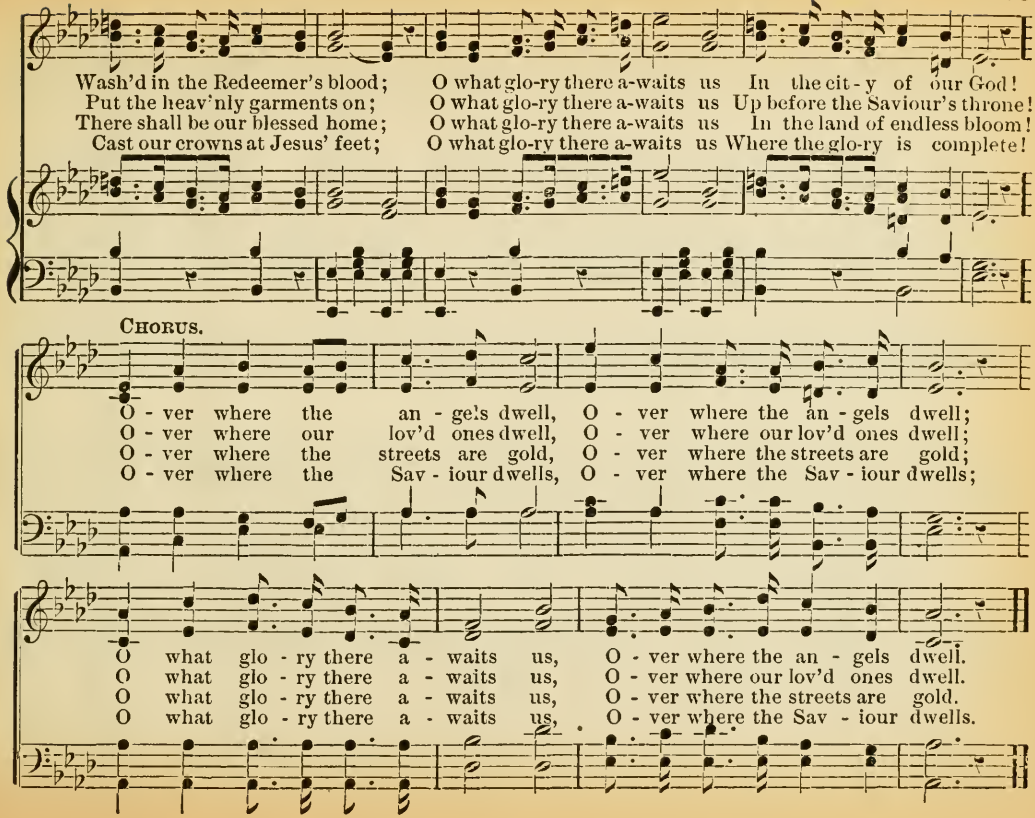
Child-ren young are we, But our Sav-iour loves us, Hap-py will we be.

OVER WHERE THE ANGELS DWELL.

E. A. Hoffman. W. O. P.

1. O - ver where the shining an - gels, In their robes of dazzling white, Gath - er round the King of
2. O - ver where the lov'd and lost ones, Whom the Saviour call d a-way, Shine in strange, im-mor - tal
3. O - ver where the gates are pear-ly, Over where the streets are gold, Where there's life and love e -
4. O - ver where the Saviour dwelleth, Where he reigns as Zi - on's King, Where the arch - es of His

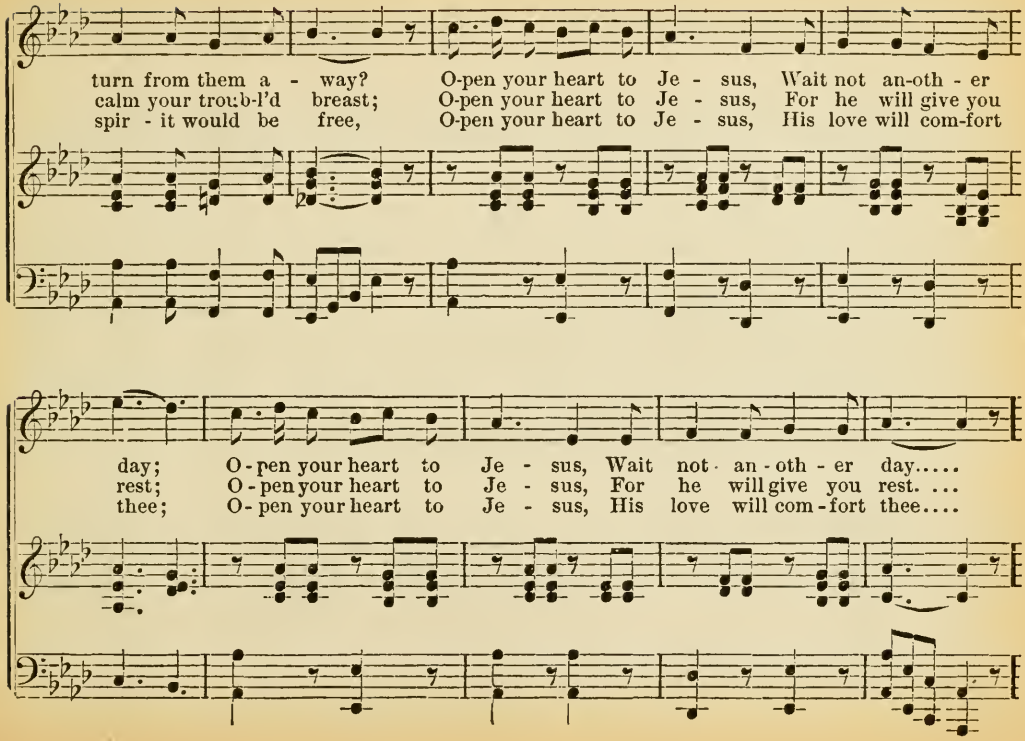
Glo - ry, Praising Him both day and night; There we shall be rob'd in gar - ments,
beau - ty, In the light of end-less day, There we shall, with all the ran - som'd,
- ter-nal, Where there's bliss and joy untold, There we'll live and love for-ev - er,
pal - ace, With e - ter - nal prai-ses ring, There we shall, with all the an - gels,


Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood; O what glo-ry there a-waits us In the cit-y of our God!
Put the heav'nly garments on; O what glo-ry there a-waits us Up before the Saviour's throne!
There shall be our blessed home; O what glo-ry there a-waits us In the land of endless bloom!
Cast our crowns at Jesus' feet; O what glo-ry there a-waits us Where the glo-ry is complete!
CHORUS.
O - ver where the an - gels dwell, O - ver where the an - gels dwell;
O - ver where our lov'd ones dwell, O - ver where our lov'd ones dwell;
O - ver where the streets are gold, O - ver where the streets are gold;
O - ver where the Sav - iour dwells, O - ver where the Sav - iour dwells;
O what glo - ry there a - waits us, O - ver where the an - gels dwell.
O what glo - ry there a - waits us, O - ver where our lov'd ones dwell.
O what glo - ry there a - waits us, O - ver where the streets are gold.
O what glo - ry there a - waits us, O - ver where the Sav - iour dwells.

OPEN YOUR HEART TO JESUS.

A. W. French. Hattie E. Carr.

1. O - pen your heart to Je - sus, Turn un - to him in pray'r, He is a re - fuge in distress, He will your tri - als bear; His grace and mer - cy waits for you, Why
2. O - pen your heart to Je - sus, No thing from him with - hold, Tell your complaints and all your griefs With confidence un - fold, For he will all your sor-rows share, And
3. O - pen your heart to Je - sus, Now let him en - ter in, His ho - ly pres-ence dwelling there Shall banish ev' - ry sin, If from all doubts and fears of life Your


turn from them a - way? O-pen your heart to Je - sus, Wait not an-oth - er
calm your troub-l'd breast; O-pen your heart to Je - sus, For he will give you
spir - it would be free, O-pen your heart to Je - sus, His love will com-fort
day; O - pen your heart to Je - sus, Wait not an - oth - er day.....
rest; O - pen your heart to Je - sus, For he will give you rest. ...
thee; O - pen your heart to Je - sus, His love will com - fort thee....

OPEN YOUR HEART TO JESUS. Concluded

CHORUS.

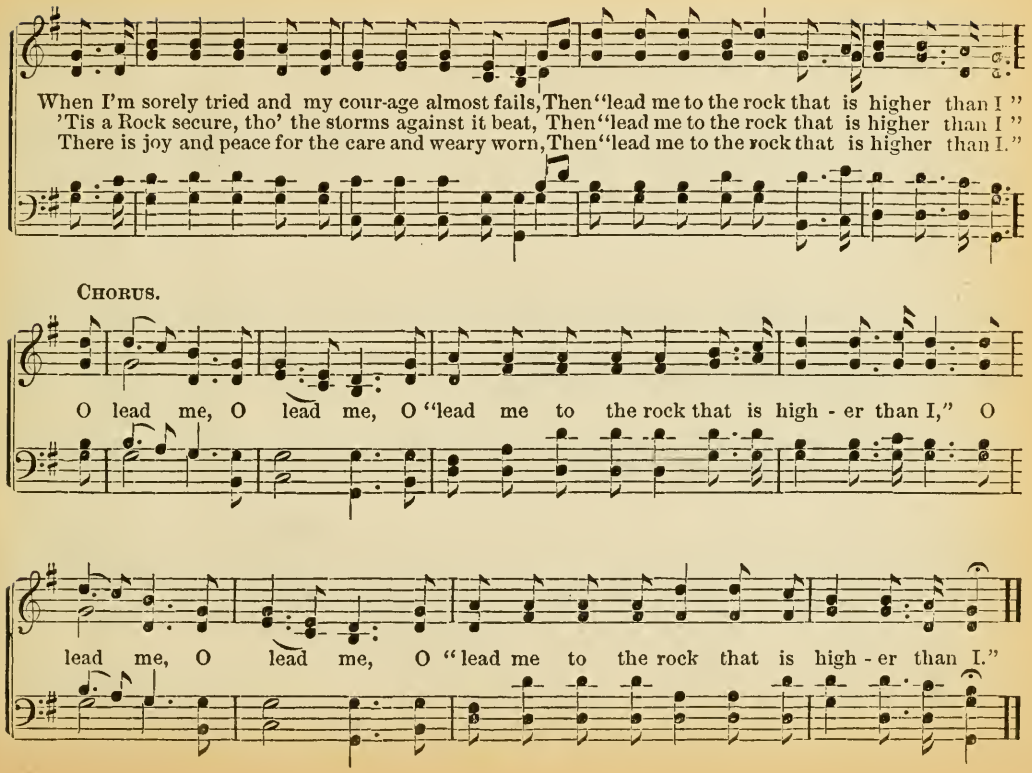
O - pen your heart, Open your heart, Wait not anoth - er day, O - pen your heart to Je - sus, O come without de - lay.

O - pen your heart, O-pen your heart, Wait not anoth-er day, O - pen your heart to Je - sus, O come without de - lay.

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

Words and Music by A. BYRON CONDO.

1. When the way is rough and my heart is growing sad, And be - clouded my way to the sky,
2. O the Rock of Christ is a sure and safe re-treat, Where our hearts never more need to sigh,
3. There is calm sure rest in the rock of Christ a - lone, Nothing else will my heart sat - is - fy;


When I'm sorely tried and my cour-age almost fails, Then "lead me to the rock that is higher than I"
'Tis a Rock secure, tho' the storms against it beat, Then "lead me to the rock that is higher than I"
There is joy and peace for the care and weary worn, Then "lead me to the rock that is higher than I."
CHORUS.
O lead me, O lead me, O "lead me to the rock that is high - er than I," O
lead me, O lead me, O "lead me to the rock that is high - er than I."

I NEED THEE.

A. B. C.

B. C. UNSELD.

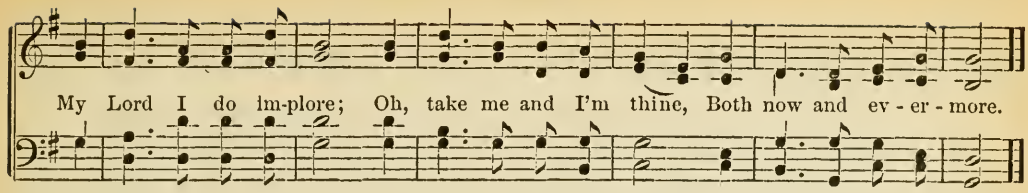
Earnestly, not too fast.

1. I need thee, precious Je - sus, To cleanse me from my sin, To fill me with thy ful-ness,
2. I need thee, precious Je - sus, I need thee as my friend; In pass-ing thro' life's dark maze,
3. I need thee, precious Je - sus, When tri - als on me press, When with life's cares I'm burdened,

And make me pure with - in; I need thee in the sun-shine, As well as in the storm,
Do thou my steps at - tend; I need thee, yes I need thee, When earth appears so bright—
I long for per - fect rest; I need thee, that thy just will, May be ful-filled in me,

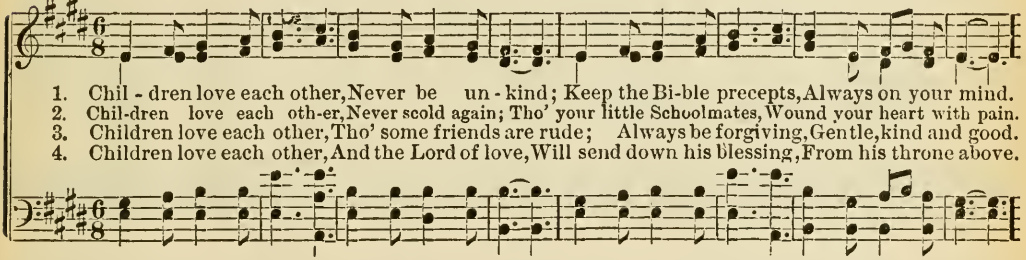
CHORUS.

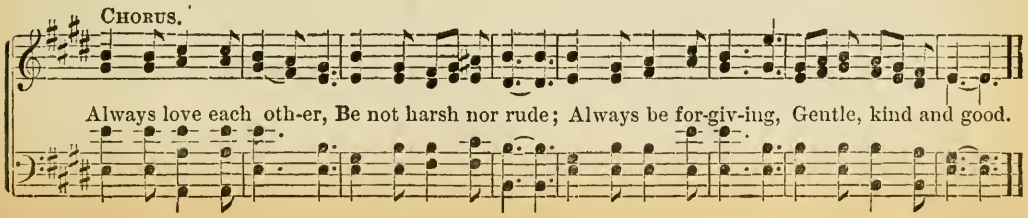
To guard me from the tempter, And keep my soul from harm. I need thee, I long for thee,
When pleasures on my path press, In bold, de - ceit-ful light.
Sub-mit-ting glad - ly, ful - ly, To thy all just de - cree.



LOVE EACH OTHER.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. BYRON CONDO.





REST FOR THE WEARY.

Words and Music by — Inscribed to the Evangelical S. S., Green Castle, Iowa. — A. Byron Condo.

1. Out of the darkness and in-to the light, Out of the shadows and gloom of the night. Out of the sor-row and out of the strife, Freed from the toil and the cares of life; O - ver the waves of the cold chil - ly flood, In worlds of bliss in the home of the loved; Yes, there is rest
2. O - ver the tide, on the ra-di-ant shore, Where all the blood-bo't have gone on before, There with delight, singing in loud acclaim, Un-end - ing praise to the Master's name; Where all the part-ed of earth meet at last, And all the sor-rows of life are o'er-pass'd; Yes, there is rest
3. Then let us trust in the hand that will guide, To that bright home, there for-e'er to abide; Patient-ly wait-ing 'till Je - sus shall come, Pa-tient-ly toiling 'till life's work's done; Anchored at last in the "sweet by and by," Safe - ly at home in the king-dom on high, Glo - ry to God!

for the wea - ry of earth, And there's a crown that's of price - less worth.
for the wea - ry of earth, And there's a crown that's of price - less worth.
we shall sing ev - er - more! There we shall rest, and the Lamb a - dore.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest on that beau - ti - ful shore;
There is rest, &c.

We shall know nought of sor - row, But we'll rest, yes, rest for - ev - er-more.

We shall know nought of sor-row,

THE HEALING STREAM.

REV. L. WHITE. W. H. BURGETT.

1. There is a fountain deep and wide, Which flows for ev' - ry nation; 'Twas opened when the Saviour died'
2. By faith I touch the healing stream, That flows from Calvary's mountain; I trust and, O what joy I feel'
3. I rest my long di - vided heart, On Christ the sure foundation; He is the sure and better part,
4. I rise on wings of love and light, Above the world's commotion; "With heart made pure and garments white,"

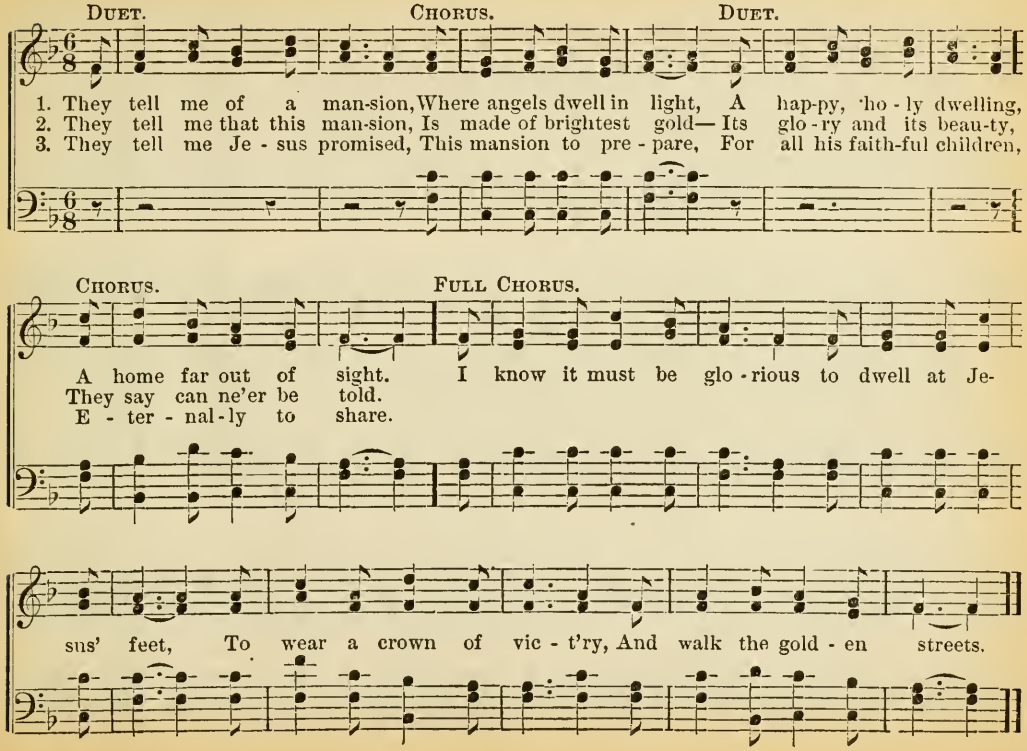
CHORUS.

And there is full sal - va - tion.
I know I'm near the fountain.
And I a new cre - a - tion. O, praise the Lord, I feel, I know, That Je - sus wash-
I'm bath-ing in the o - cean.

es white as snow; O, praise the Lord, I feel, I know, That Je - sus wash - es white as snow.

THE PROMISED MANSION.

A. Byron Condo. D. D. Condo.



LONGING FOR HOME.

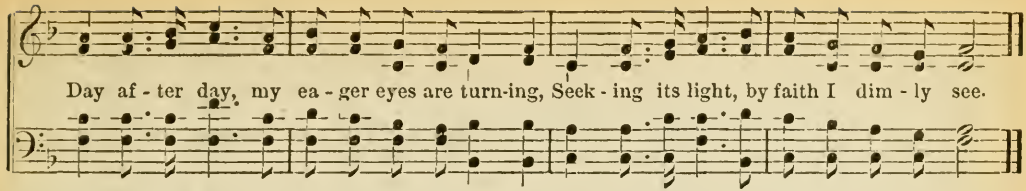
FANNIE CHADWICK. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Home of my soul! my ev - erlasting dwelling! There shines the bright, unfading glow of day;
2. Home, happy home! no tears, nor an-y sigh-ing, No want nor care are in its mansions found;
3. Home where my Father ten-der - ly is call - ing, Come, weary child, tho' thorny be thy way;
4. Home of my soul! I love on thee to pon - der, Freedom shall there my endless treasure be!

There float the strains of sweetest mu-sic, tell-ing, Love, Joy, and Peace, have ever per-fect sway.
There are no partings, nev - er an - y dy - ing, There, buoyant life doth ev - er-more a - bound.
Fear not the shadows round thee thickly fall-ing, Hold fast my hand, I will not let thee stray.
Hope wings her flight on eager pin - ion, yon-der, Thither, with joy, my spir - it hastes to flee!

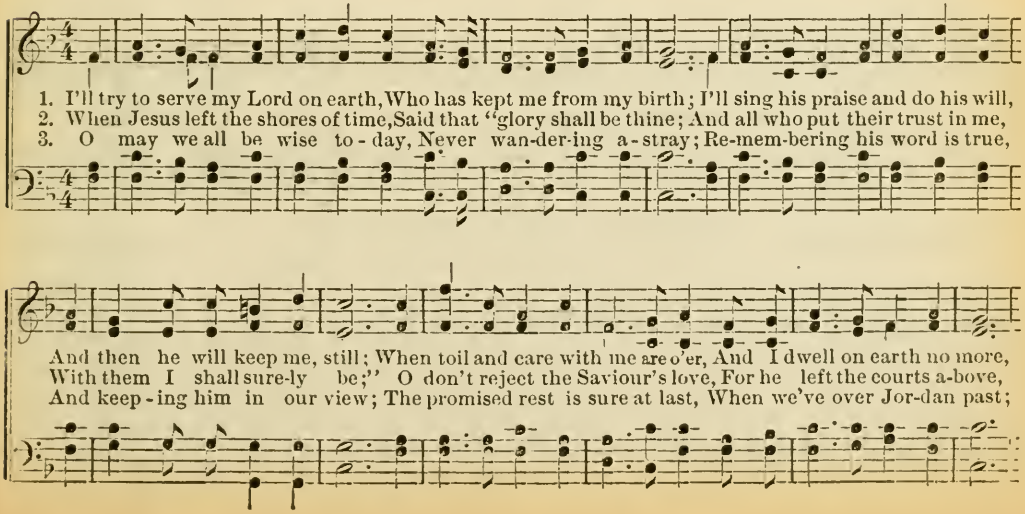
CHORUS.

Ev - er for home, my hun - gry heart is yearn-ing, Longing at rest with-in its walls to be!



HELP ME TO REMEMBER.

MISS LYDIA FISHER. A B. CONDO.



CHORUS.

I'll then enjoy that rich es-tate, Just beyond the gold-en gate.
To save a ru - in'd world from sin; Ever, then, *Re-mem-ber Him.* O help me to re - mem-ber,
In heaven's doom, a crown we'll wear, All its glories we shall share.

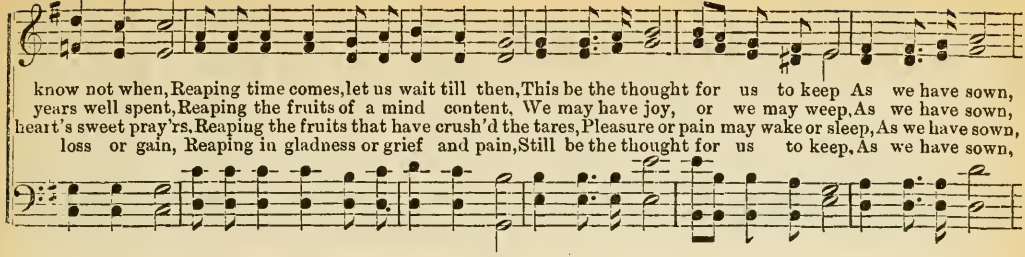
The one who died for me, And take me o - ver yon-der, To dwell e - ter - nal - ly.

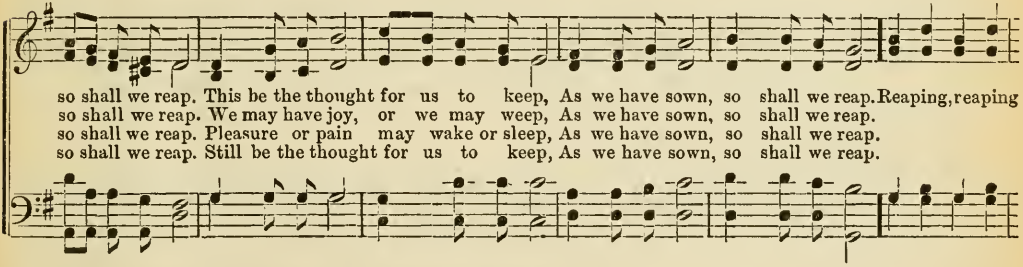
SOWING AND REAPING.

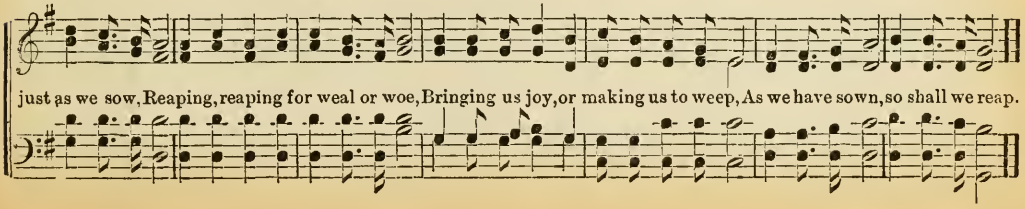
ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

"For whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." Gal. vi. 7.

1. Reaping time comes when the fields are white, Reaping time comes be it day or night, Reaping time comes, but we
2. Reaping the fruits of a sin - ful life, Reaping the fruits of un-ho - ly strife, Reaping the fruits of our
3. Reaping the fruits of our wasted years, Reaping the fruits that shall bring us tears, Reaping the fruits of our
4. Reaping them all in the by and by, Reaping the fruit where-so-e'er they lie, Reaping and counting our


know not when, Reaping time comes, let us wait till then, This be the thought for us to keep As we have sown,
years well spent, Reaping the fruits of a mind content, We may have joy, or we may weep, As we have sown,
heart's sweet pray'rs. Reaping the fruits that have crush'd the tares, Pleasure or pain may wake or sleep, As we have sown,
loss or gain, Reaping in gladness or grief and pain, Still be the thought for us to keep, As we have sown,


CHORUS.
so shall we reap. This be the thought for us to keep, As we have sown, so shall we reap. Reaping, reaping
so shall we reap. We may have joy, or we may weep, As we have sown, so shall we reap.
so shall we reap. Pleasure or pain may wake or sleep, As we have sown, so shall we reap.
so shall we reap. Still be the thought for us to keep, As we have sown, so shall we reap.


just as we sow, Reaping, reaping for weal or woe, Bringing us joy, or making us to weep, As we have sown, so shall we reap.

SABBATH MORN.

ELLEN M. HASTINGS. W. O. P.

DUETT OR CHORUS.

1. Beau-ti-ful morn so fair and bright, Cradled in rays of golden light; Chasing the shades of night a-way, Usher-ing in the Sabbath day. Joy-ful-ly now we greet the dawn, Hail to the glorious morn we hail, Flinging its beams o'er hill and vale.
2. This is the day we love the best, 'Tis the sweet day of ho - ly rest, Joy-ful-ly now its God a-bove For the rich gifts of grace and love.
3. Now can we rest from earthly care While we are met for praise and prayer, Now let us thank the of the wood, Telling us ev - er God is good.
4. Hear the glad notes of warbling birds! Sweeter their songs than gladsome words Waking the echoes

CHORUS.

Sabbath morn! Hail to the morn! Hail to the morn! Hail to the Sabbath morn! Hail to the Sabbath morn!

WE LOVE THEE.

REV. P. S. ORWIG. A. BYRON CONDO.

1. We love thee, precious Je-sus, With joy we sing thy praise, For thou hast died to save us,
2. We love thee, precious Je-sus, Thy kingdom's Lord with-in; These hearts are full of gladness,—
3. We love thee, precious Je-sus, Our hope is anchor'd sure; Tho' waves tumultuous dash us,

CHORUS.

And triumphed o'er the grave. We love thee, yes, we love thee, We
We love of thee to sing.
Thro' grace we'll reach the shore.
We love thee, yes, we love thee.

love Thee, dearest Lord; Come bless us, come and save us, And take us to thy rest.
Come bless us, come and save us,

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

E. R. LATTA. "And he shewed me a pure river of water of life." Rev. xxii. 1. W. O. PERKINS.

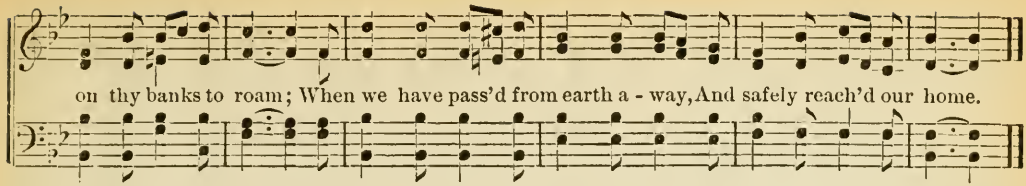
In a smooth, flowing style.

1. There is a riv-er far more fair, Than any here be-low; The prophet, in a vision, saw The
2. Up-on the smooth and peaceful banks, Are trees of beauty seen; With spreading boughs that gently sway. And
3. Up - on the margin fair and bright, Beside the waters clear, I seem to see a shining band, Who

crys - tal waters flow; Behold yon rays of glo - ry bright, In all di - rections spread; They
branches ev-er green; And fadeless blossoms lade the air, With o - dors fresh and sweet; No
once were pilgrims here; And we, at last, if faithful found, Shall reach that peaceful shore; And

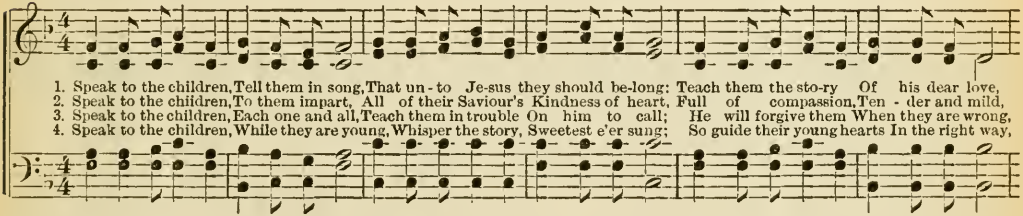
CHORUS.

form a ha - lo round the throne, The river's fountain head. Oh, riv - er fair, how sweet 'twill be, Up-
blighting frost can there descend, No storms can ever beat.
in that cloudless realm a-bide, With them for-ev-er - more.

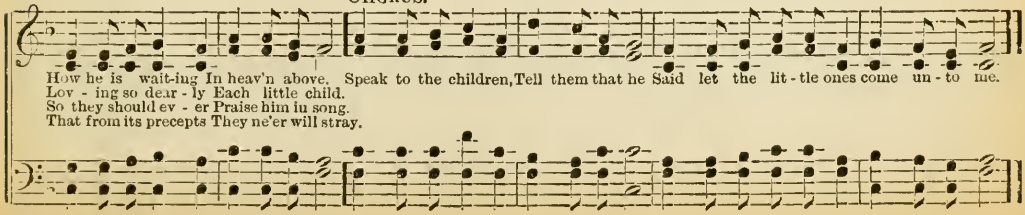


SPEAK TO THE CHILDREN.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. "Speak to the children." Exodus. xxv. 2. W. O. P.



CHORUS.



DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE MORTAL?

Words and Music by A. Byron Condo.

1. Do you know that you are mor - tal, That your journey soon shall end, That you have with earthly pleasures, But a few more days to spend? Have you giv'n your heart to Je-sus?
2. Do you know that you are mor - tal, That you may be called to day? Soon the reap- ing angel's com - ing, To con - vey your soul a - way.
3. Do you know that you are mor - tal, And to judg-ment you must go? An ac - count you there must ren - der, For your stew-ard-ship be - low.

Chorus.

Are you read-y now to go? Come to-day while he is wait - ing, Come for Je-sus loves you so.

WHO KNOWS THE LOVE?

Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Who knows the love of Jesus, Who can feel what he has felt Who *now* loves the guilt-y sin-ner, Whose eyes in pi - ty meet? Je - sus, Je - sus, 'Tis God's belov - ed Son; Oh
2. Who in the manger low - ly, With the beasts, low in a stall, Came to par-don all our sin-ning, Came pleading for us all?
3 Ah who in O-live's gard-en, Pray'd with almost broken heart, For us poor and help - less mortals, Who did *this* blessed part?
4. Who in the hall of Pi - lot Was condemned to die in shame, Was condemned for all his mer-cy, What was his low - ly name?
5. Who on the cross of Calv'-ry, When his hands were pierced thro', Cried "my father oh for - give them, They know not what they do"?
6. Who now high up in glo - ry Intercedes be-fore the throne *For the ones who cru - ci - fied him*, That God their souls will own?

CHORUS.

wonder-ful love, Oh wonderful love, The love of the holy One, Jesus, Je-sus, Jesus, Jesus.

Coda. p

I WILL COME TO YOU.

MARIA STRAUB. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be not dis-cour-aged troub-led heart, Tho' bowed with grief and pain, Let not thy fond-est
2. Cheer up thou lone, des-pond-ing soul, Thy Saviour loves thee still; O yield thee to his

CHORUS. *will not leave thee com-fort-less, But I will come to you, I'll come the troub-led*

hopes de-part, Joy shall re-turn a-gain. O Christian, Je-sus comes to bless, With
fond con-trol, Each prom-ise he'll ful-fil. E'er trust thy guar-di-an di-vine, He'll

heart to bless, Yes, I will come to you."

D. C. CHORUS.

joy thy soul to greet, He will not leave thee comfortless, O list his promise sweet: "*I*
cheer thee on life's way: His presence sweet may e'er be thine, O hear him, hear him say; &c.

I'VE FOUND A JOY.

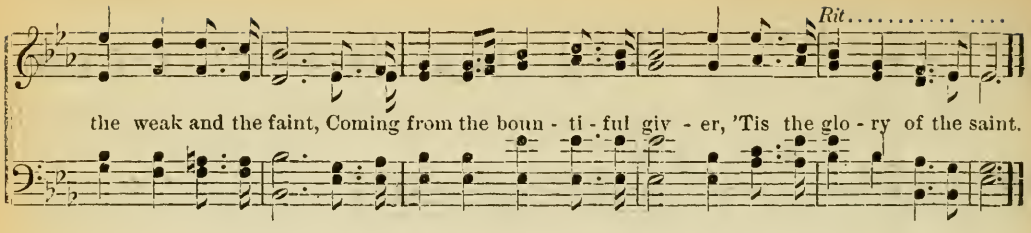
MRS. JANE F. CREWDSON. By per. A. BYRON CONDO.

1. I've found a joy in sorrow, A se-cret balm for pain, A beau-ti-ful to-morrow, Of sunshine
2. I've found a glad ho-san-na, For every woe and wail, A handful of sweet manna, When grapes of
3. My Saviour, Thee possessing, I have the joy, the balm, The healing and the blessing, The sunshine

af - ter rain: I've found a branch of healing, Near every bit - ter spring, A whispered promise
Es-chol fail; I've found a Rock of A - ges, When desert wells were dry, And af - ter wea - ry
and the psalm; The promise for the fearful, The E-lim for the faint, The rain-bow for the

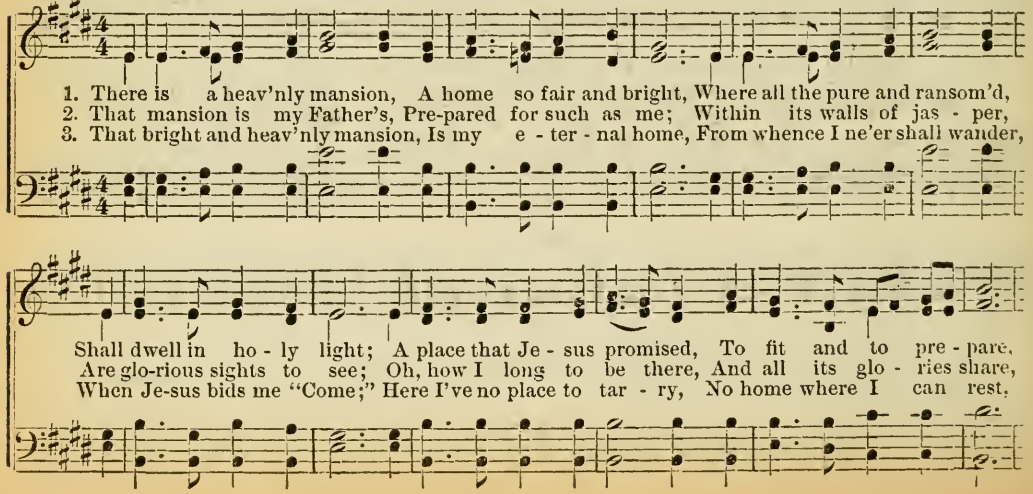
CHORUS.

steal-ing, O'er ev'ry brok - en string.
sta - ges, I've found an E - lim nigh. O this joy flows calm like a riv - er, Mak-ing glad
tear - ful, The glo - ry for the Saint.



THE HOME OF THE RANSOMED.

Words and Music by A. Byron Condo.



CHORUS.

A place by an-gels garnish'd, And is so bright and fair.
And with my bless-ed Sav - iour, To live for-ev - er there. Oh! home of all the ransom'd,
But when I reach those mansions, I'll rest on Jesus' breast.

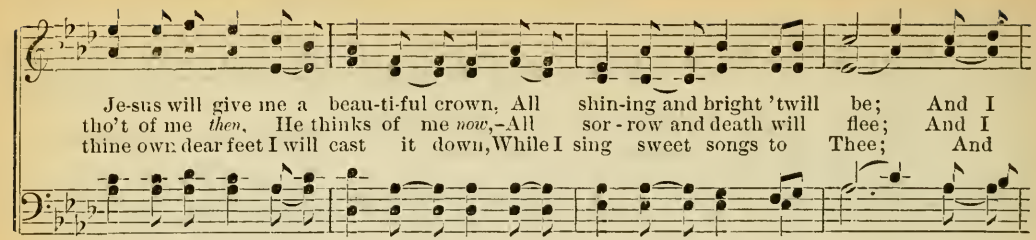
In thee I long to dwell; Thy glo-ry and thy beau - ty, Is more than tongue can tell.

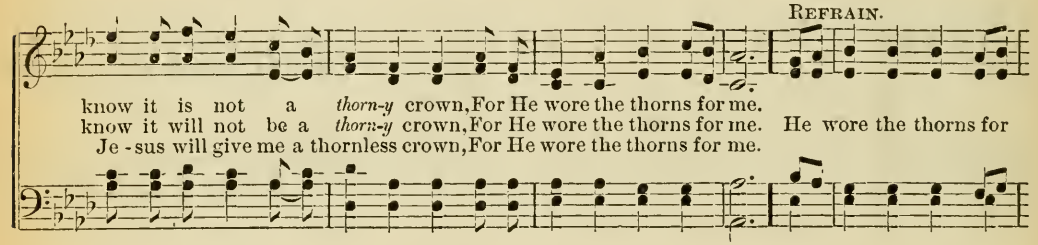
HE WORE THE THORNS FOR ME.

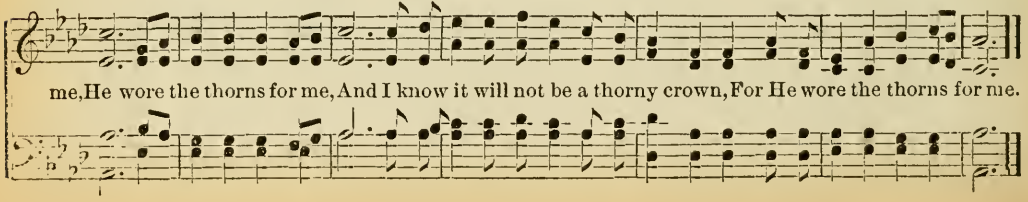
E. C. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

1. I'm go - ing to heaven by and by, Where God will take care of me; There
2. He wore those thorns on his bleed - ing brow, On the cross of Cal - va - ry; He
3. And what shall I do with that beau-tiful crown, The gift of my Lord so free? At

HE WORE THE THORNS FOR ME. Concluded.







LORD DIRECT ME.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. A. BYRON CONDO.

1. My Sav - iour how I long, To be at home with Thee, To rest with - in thy arms,
2. This earth is full of grief, Of care and toil and pain, Tempta - tions press a - round,-
3. I fol - low af - ter thee, But Lord I'm weak and blind, I of - ten wan-der far,
4. I of - ten weep, complain, But Lord for - give thy child, At death re - ceive my soul,

CHORUS.

To all e - ter - ni - ty.
For - give if I com - plain, O Lord, di - rect, di - rect thy
From Thee so true and kind.
To Thee so meek and mild. O Lord, direct, di-rect thy child, O Lord, direct, di-

child; Oh, keep me in the path, That leads, that leads to Thee.
rect thy child;

FIGHT THE FIGHT.

Words and Music by A. B. Condo.

1. Fight the fight and nev - er fal - ter, See, the foe is com-ing near; Trusting in the great Com-mander, Forward comrades, nev - er fear. Hear the words of the Com - man- der,
2. Fight the fight; thy foes are man - y, Hear the bless-ed Saviour say "Forward march! and no sur-render," You shall sure-ly gain the day.
3. Fight the fight, for thou shalt conquer, Hea - ven you shall win at last; You shall reign with Christ in glo - ry, When the bat-tle's o - ver-past.

Chorus.

You shall wear a starry crown, And be cloth'd in robes of splendor, When you lay your armor down.

THE FAR AWAY HOME.

N. A. LUNDY. A BYRON CONDO.

1. There's a beauti-ful home far a-way, A home that I'm longing to see, It shall never be marred by de-cay, This home has been promised to me.
2. There are mansions prepared for us all, By Je-sus my Saviour I'm told, For the faithful, the true and the just, And e-ven the lambs of the fold.
3. There we'll rest from our labor and care, Housed safely, forever at home; In that home may we gath-er at last, When life and its la-bors are done.

CHORUS.

O the far away home o-ver there, The home that's been promised to me; All its glories with Jesus I'll share, There to dwell e ternally.

LITTLE CHILDREN ONE AND ALL.

A. W. F.

*

1. Lit - tle children one and all, Listen to the temp'rance call, While your hearts are young and pure,
2. Ear - ly learn to shun the way Where the wicked love to stray; Give your heart and give your hand
3. Turn a-way at once and shrink, From the dangers of strong drink; Flee from all its mis - er - y,
4. Wa - ter will not dull our brains, Will not bring us care or pains; It is free for me and you,
5. It will life and health prolong, Make us happy, wise and strong; Let us then this day a - gree,

CHORUS.

Join the cause that shall en - dure. Come a - long, Come a - long, Sign the pledge and
To our pure cold wa - ter band.
In our cause so hap - py be.
So we drink and love it too.
Lit - tle temp'rance folks to be.

sing this song, Lit - tle chil - dren one and all, An - swer to the temp'rance call.

THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

W. O. PERKINS.

Lively.

1. See the sparkling water, Flowing now so free, Dancing down the hill-side, Winding o'er the lea;
2. Oh, the crys-tal water! How we love the sight Of its rays trans-lu-cent In the sun's fair light!
3. See the seething water, White as ocean's foam, As it mad - ly dashes From its mountain home;
4. Pure, life-giv-ing water, Flowing free to all! In its depth no serpent Lurks to cause man's fall.

Bringing health and vigor To the toiling man; Flashing in the sunlight, Free from poison's ban.
How the drops pel - lu-cid Sparkle like the gem, Bright a-bove all oth-ers, In the di - a - dem.
See it in the foun-tain, Bubbling forth in glee, Wending down its pathway To the o - pen sea.
Sing a-loud its prais - es O-ver land and sea: Clear and crys-tal wa - ter Is the drink for me.

CHORUS.

The crys - tal Fountain, the crys - tal Fountain! Its wa-ters clear to all are free, O, that's the drink for me.
The crystal, crystal Fountain, the crystal, crystal

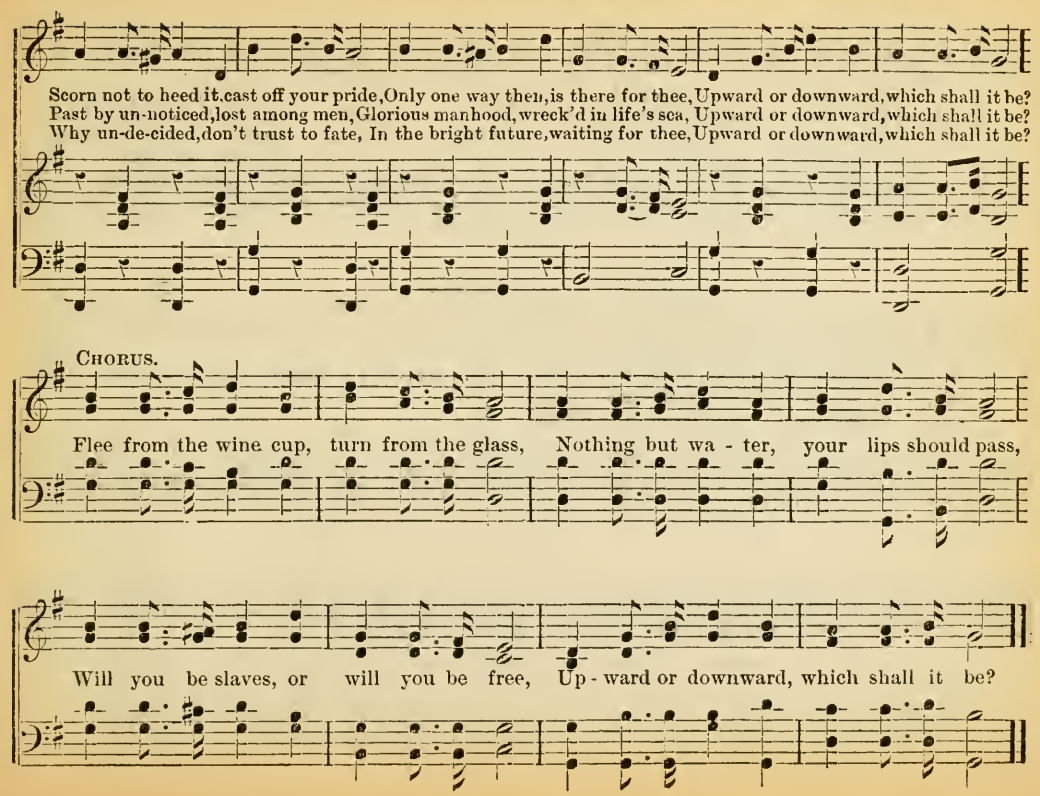
UPWARD OR DOWNWARD.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

SOLO OR UNISON CHORUS.

1. Upward or downward, which shall it be? Stop for a moment, consid-er and see, Pon-der it o-ver,
2. Upward or downward, which shall it be? This is the question of questions to thee, One or the oth-er,
3. Upward or downward, make up your mind, 'Twill be too late by and by, you will find, Hur-ry-ing on-ward

think which is best, Thousands before you have made the test, So their exam-ple should be your guide,
fail-ure, suc-cess, Sor-row, and sadness or hap-pi-ness! Trusted and honor'd, doubted, and then
o'er life's highway, You may forget and go far as-tray, Now is the time, ere it be too late,


Scorn not to heed it.cast off your pride,Only one way then,is there for thee,Upward or downward,which shall it be?
Past by un-noticed,lost among men,Glorious manhood,wreck'd in life's sea, Upward or downward,which shall it be?
Why un-de-cided,don't trust to fate, In the bright future,waiting for thee,Upward or downward,which shall it be?
CHORUS.
Flee from the wine cup, turn from the glass, Nothing but wa - ter, your lips should pass,
Will you be slaves, or will you be free, Up - ward or downward, which shall it be?

TO ARMS.

LIZZIE TOBIAS. CHILDREN'S TEMPERANCE SONG. A. BYRON CONDO.

1. To arms! A foe is in our land, A desperate foe is he; In every nook he takes his stand, Tho' small that nook may be. "To arms! To arms!" Thro'-out our land,
2. Alas! this fiend-you know him well, His name is Al - co - hol,—How oft proud man thro' him has fell, And fa - tal was the fall.
3. To arms! To arms! we'll banish him, From off this fair, *free* land, And *Temp'rance Banners* neat and trim, Shall wave from strand to strand.

CHORUS.

The bat - tle cry resounds; We'll heed the call with heart and hand, And fight 'till peace abounds.

THE VICTORY IS OURS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Spirited.

1. With ban-ner and with badge we come, An ar-my true and strong, To fight a-gainst the hosts of
2. Though oth-ers love their Rum and Wine, And drink till they are mad, To Wa-ter we will still in-
3. I pledge to thee this hand of mine In faith and friendship strong, And fel-low sol-dier we will

CHORUS.

Rum, And this shall be our song. We love the clear cold wa - ter springs, Sup-
cline, To make us strong and glad.
join The cho - rus of our song.

plied by gen - tle show'rs, We feel the strength cold water brings, The Vic - to - ry is ours.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed..... ..... be thy name,
2. Give us this day our .... dai - ly bread,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de..... ..... liver..us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in..... earth..as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive..... those who trespass..against us.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the.. glory...for ever..and ever. A - men.

HYMN CHANT. COME TO ME.

W. O. P.

1. With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and..... storm - y sea,
2. It tells me of a place of rest—It tells me where my.. ..... soul may flee;
3. When nature shudders, loth to part From all I love, en- ..... joy and see,
4. Come, for all else must fail and die, Earth is no resting- ..... place for thee.
5. Oh, voice of mercy! voice of love! in conflict, grief and..... a - go - ny,

Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, a heavenly..... whisper-- "Come to me!"
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed, how sweet the..... bid-ding— "Come to me!"
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, a sweet voice.... ut-ters— "Come to me!"
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye, I am thy..... ... por-tion— "Come to me!"
Support me, cheer me from above, and gently..... whis-per— "Come to me!"

H. W. L. THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS. CHANT. W. O. P.

1. There is a reaper whose name is Death, And with his..... sic - kle keen
2. "Shall I have nought that is fair," said he, "Have nought but the beard - ed grain?
3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their ..... droop - ing leaves;
4. They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted... ..... by my care:
5. And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she. ..... most did love;
6. Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The reaper..... came that day;

He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the ..... flow'rs that grow be - tween.
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I will give them back a - gain."
It was for the Lord of Paradise He..... ..... bound them in his sheaves.
And saints, upon their garments white, These..... sa - cred blos - soms wear."
She knew she should find them all again In the..... fields of light a - bove.
'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And..... took the flow'rs a - way.

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